

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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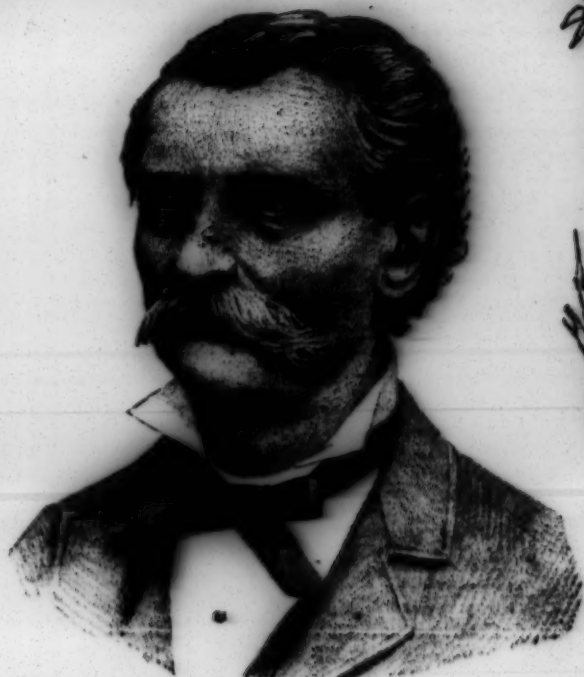
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CLARA MORRIS



JOHN A. ELLSLER

THE STARS OF THE FESTIVAL.

At the Theatres.



This is the last week of *Around the World* at Haverly's. The ballet and *mise-en-scene*, together with the adequate acting of the dramatic company, combine to make the spectacle attractive. The audiences have been large since the first night. On Monday next *The Professor* begins a short engagement. This comedy, though a trifle light as air, has worn well. Its pretty sentiment, buoyant humor and clean atmosphere have given it a longer life than the majority of such compositions generally enjoy. The Haverly season will close the career of the piece, so far as New York is concerned, for the Madison Square management have concluded to put it on the shelf.

Louis Aldrich and Charles Parsloe opened at the Grand Opera House Monday evening. They say that *My Partner* has taken "a new boom," and if frequent laughter, mingled with loud applause, from a large audience be an indication of this, there is truth in what the stars assert. *My Partner* is truly Bartley Campbell's best play. It has stood the test of several seasons and is still attractive. The sterling performance of Louis Aldrich and the fun-making of Parsloe have done much to perpetuate the drama.

A Russian Honeymoon will keep the stage of the Madison Square longer than the four weeks originally intended. The fine acting of Agnes Booth, Frederic Bryton and W. J. LeMayne has, perhaps, more to do with the success of the comedy than Mrs. Harrison, the author. On Monday afternoon George Cable, a writer of fiction, gave a reading from his own works, with a moderate degree of success. He is a pleasant reciter and his selections were entertaining.

Joaquin Miller's drama, "49," revised and improved (?) by Leonard Grover and several other master-minds, is back again, this time at the Windsor. There is nothing new to be said of Rankin's Old "49." He wears a beard and sticks the loaded bowie-knife into the stage at the end of Act Two with neatness and precision. Mrs. Rankin's Carrots is the pleasantest feature of the whole performance. The houses run from fair to middling.

John Rickaby presents Gus Williams, in *One of the Finest*, for the last time at Niblo's this week. Next time Williams will be presented by some other manager, as he and Rickaby dissolve partnership at the close of the current season. The John Mishler of Williams is funny; but the Union Square Masher of D. G. Longworth is equally laughable. Williams is a star and Longworth isn't. That's about the only observable difference.

Salvini and Morris are doing *The Outlaw* three nights this week, *Othello* having been dropped, except for Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, by Mr. Chizzola, who has had considerable difficulty in casting his Emilia. Morris wouldn't, and Prescott demanded more reparation for her professional wrongs than the wily son of Italy was willing to give. *The Outlaw* is a dreary play, even with Salvini as Conrad. Miss Morris cannot do herself justice in a part that is unsuited to her peculiar and limited scope. The appearance of the house on Monday and Tuesday evenings can only be described by the word ghastly. Monday next, Andrew Boyd's benefit and last night of Booth's Theatre. Modjeska will play Juliet.

William Elton's splendid acting as Harvey Duff and Boucicault's Conn comfortably fills the Star at every performance. The Shaughraun is one of the liveliest of the old pieces extant.

At Wallack's, the last nights of *The Silver King* are in progress. The melodrama has enjoyed a most successful run, and it has cleared a handsome profit for the manager. Sidney Grundy's charming comedy, *Snowball*, with Rose Coghlan, Tearly and Gilbert in the cast, will be the next attraction. As the play is a short one, it will be preceded every evening by the charming little piece called *The Cape Mail*, which was acted long ago by amateurs with the most dazzling success at Chickering Hall. The *Snowball* will be kept on but a few nights, as it must be followed by *La Belle Russe*, in which Rose Coghlan will have a chance to repeat the pronounced hit she made last season as the Adventuress. A revival of *The Road to Ruin*, with Tearly as Harry Downton, will conclude the season on June 2.

Then the company goes to Chicago for a fortnight.

The abundant prosperity which has been vouchsafed the Wyndham company in Brighton at the Union Square has decided the manager to continue it on the bills. The Great Divorce Case will follow. It was one of the successes at the London Criterion. On May 14, Helen Barry, who has rented the theatre for four weeks, will appear at the heroine in Arkwright's Wife.

Greenroom Fun will be continued this week and next at the Standard, after which the opera *Satanella* will be produced. The Troubadours have a crowd of admirers in this city, and their periodical visits are always liberally patronized. Nellie McHenry's whistling song and Nat Salisbury's war-whoop have caught the town.

Harry Pitt's revival of *Caste*, which began so auspiciously last week at the Bijou, is continuing to houses that are constantly increasing. The faultless tone of the performance has never been surpassed by any comedy production we can remember. When *Caste* has run its length, *The Two Roses* will be put up for a week. *Forgiven* is also under consideration; but we understand there is some hitch about the American right to this piece, which may interfere with Mr. Pitt's plans.

The Muddy Day has turned out to be one of Harrigan and Hart's greatest triumphs. It did not create a favorable impression on the first night; but the defects have been carefully removed, and the entire comedy strengthened and improved by its author. It will run until the end of the Comique season. The acting of the entire company—all of whom are prime favorites—is universally clever.

Variety took leave of Tony Pastor's Theatre for a time on Saturday night, and Neil Burgess came in Monday with his recent Bijou success, the comicality called *Vim*. A large audience laughed incessantly through the evening, the burlesque circus act especially tickling their humorous sensibilities. It is Mr. Burgess' intention to keep *Vim* on during the rest of the Spring and the whole of the Summer.

Seldom are such shrieks of merriment heard within the walls of a theatre as resound nightly at the Bijou. Willie Edouin's Sparks, in *A Bunch of Keys*, give by long odds the funniest entertainment New York has had in years. Every member of the party is a genuine comedian in his or her line, and contributes materially to the enjoyment of the performance. Life in a hotel was never so amusingly illustrated before, not only on the stage, but in the fields of caricature and satire. Every traveler recognizes Edouin's picture of the hotel-keeper. His attitude of exaggerated indifference when he bangs his call-bell and yells "Front" to Powers is delicious. Mrs. Edouin, Mrs. Sanger and Marietta Nash form a trio of beautiful and talented women seldom found in a combination even of more pretentiousness than the mischievous, laughter-making Sparks. May the public never tire of the jingle of their Bunch of Keys!

The Musical Mirror.



The McCaull comic opera season at the Casino has commenced admirably and promises to go through successfully. Lillian Russell has quite recovered her voice and her beauty. John Howson is John Howson, and what more can we say in his favor? Louise Paullin is a charming little woman, a capital actress and a good singer. Laura Joyce has such a deep contralto voice that it must be "full fathom five" below the ordinary level, and she is a splendid character actress as well. The company is, for the most part, well balanced and competent to duty. The chorus is beyond praise, the orchestra full and efficient and the conductor knows his business, and, as the old rhyme has it:

Joe Williams is his name,
England is his nation,
New York is his dwelling-place
And well he fills his station—

or words to that effect.

The Standard Theatre is shortly to resuscitate Halfe's defunct opera, *Satanella*. We much fear that the resurrection will be only a galvanic convulsion simulating life, but transient and abortive. Ourselves have assisted at three revivals of *Satanella* in three different climes, America, Australia and New Zealand, and each time the dear defunct has grinned and kicked a bit, then laid down and took its rest. "Freddo ed immobile," as *Figaro* says. There is really nothing in the piece, musically or dramatically; it is of the vapid old school of music-box operas, of which *Maritana* and *The Bohemian Girl* are the only ones with sufficient gravity to lift their heads from time

time. About fifty years ago, more or less, there was a boom in English opera, brought about by Alfred Bunn, who had a fancy for seeing his most mawkish verses in print, and the music warehouses of Chappell, Cramer Addison Beale, Novello and others, who guaranteed the expenses on condition that the operas should be stuffed with ballads of the style then in vogue, such as "Marble Halls," "Then you'll remember me," "The heart bowed down," "Alas, those chimneys," "The light of other days," and many other doleful ditties beloved of our fathers. The success of the operas depended chiefly upon the number and popularity of these sentimental ditties; in fact, the great originator of the school, the poet Bunn, was wont to guide his opinion of such as were offered to him by the question, "Will it grind, dear boy?" meaning, was there time enough to induce the peripatetic organ-grinders of the London streets to inscribe it on the barrels of their music mills and thereby make it popular. Now, *Satanella* has but one such, "The power of love," a very pretty ballad, but pulled, out like molasses candy, till it has almost lost its savor. All the rest of the music is mere padding, and dull padding, too. The piece is stuffed with tow instead of eiderdown. The drama is one mass of incoherent nonsense, too bold even for the more guileless fancy of our forefathers, and far too pappy for our sophisticated palates. Therefore, we fear that *Satanella* will have but a short spell on earth, and will speedily be sent back to her papa; or, in other words, be D. Of course, the revival is to be attended with all the pomp and circumstance that money can produce; but never yet saw we vapid wine made to sparkle by a gilt label, and weak tea is nauseous, even though it be poured from a silver-chased pot.

Fortunio, an old burlesque, or rather extravaganza, of "Somerset Herald" Planché, is the Spring attraction at the Cosmopolitan Theatre. A company of Philadelphia chorists interpret it, led by Adelaide Randall. We saw it at Niblo's "before the war," with Charles Walcott, the clever John Brougham, Mary Taylor, or Mary Gannon, we forget which; but we remember that it failed, even with such artists as these. The Lydia Thompson era of bouncing burlesque has set in and gone out since then. Perhaps, however, a return to the elder school of nonsense made musical may hit the fickle taste of the public. The spectacular part of the show is very gorgeous, and legs twinkle in all the glories of many-colored tights and dainty slippers. Perhaps the piece may stand on its legs!

Harry Widmer is musical director at the Star Theatre. We knew that before we saw him the other night, when we went to see *The Shaughraun*. None but he can accompany a dialogue with "the low trembling of fiddles" to that degree of nicety that suggests the emotion of the situation without offending the ear by intrusion of unwelcome sounds. Widmer is truly a first-rate dramatic leader, and an excellent musician besides.

Frederick Archer's last morning concert at Chickering Hall brought forth some excellent organ playing by Mr. Archer and some grand singing by Mme. Salvotti, who is seldom heard but she would be were managers discriminating. She sang the great aria from *Der Freischutz*, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," as we have not heard it in a long time, the solidity and power of her admirable soprano being fully equal to the exaction of the song, and her giving forth of the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria" was a pleasure to hear in its full sonority.

Modjeska on Rosalind.

Madame Modjeska, who was seen as Rosalind at the Fifth Avenue Theatre during last week, was asked by a MIRROR reporter what she thought of that character.

"You may search the whole range of the drama and you will not find a finer conception," said she. "It is Shakespeare's most beautiful creation. Actresses say that they have difficulty in playing it. This ought not to be; the character is a very simple one, and Shakespeare has made the various shades of feeling very plain. Of course, when presenting it upon the stage, an actress can show a great deal of variety. Rosalind was simply a perfect woman; that is, I think, the way that Shakespeare has drawn her. She is wise; she is clever; she is full of animal spirits; but yet she is never hoydenish. A nice discrimination is required just here. Some of the critics complain that I am not boisterous enough in the character. I do not believe that Shakespeare intended her to be boisterous. To Rosalind everything comes by inspiration. She is full of inspiration. Of course, it is plain to everyone that the character is an ideal one, and hence every actress who essays the part must draw her own ideal. To play Rosalind properly there must be a great amount of animation; but the line must be drawn carefully between animation and boisterousness. But there is another point to be observed. One must not go to the other extreme and make the character too quiet. To make it dull in the least degree would ruin it. I think that Shakespeare meant Rosalind to be subtle. She has studied human nature deeply. This causes her to be clever. You can see this in the speech she makes relative to men being May when they woo, December when they win. And, withal, Rosalind is modest. This is effectively shown in her scenes with Celia. As an actress, she is proud, yet not a bit haughty. Her pride is well balanced. If you notice, she gives away when Celia speaks, thus showing that she knows her place. I have given you at random my views of the character, and having these views, I seek to portray the part of Rosalind in harmony with them."

The Giddy Gusher



ON BOOTH'S THEATRE.

I sat the other night under the handsome dome of Booth's, and, when Salvini was not upon the stage, fell to dreaming of all that had been done in the place and that which would come after. Some of the most notable Dudes about town are counter-jumpers. A remarkable youth, who distressed me one night at the Standard by using a powder-puff held in his pocket-handkerchief when the lights were turned down, and who has troubled me several times at the Bijou, talking twaddle over my shoulder to a similar Dude who sat in front of me, turned up behind the silk counter of a big dry-goods store the other day; and despite the gorgeousness of his evening get-up and the unnatural polish of his pointed finger-nails, proved to be no greater swell than a clerk.

To this Dude the coming change in Booth's will be very natural. Instead of walking up and down the aisle in full dress, he will stand behind the counter when it's turned into a shop. We shall not be deprived of him—that's a comfort! I saw the first performances given by Booth in the place. I looked from a proscenium box one night upon a little love scene of the distinguished actor. He was playing *Othello*, and his lady-love, Miss McVicker, was the Desdemona. The bed was at one side, and when Othello pressed the pillow down on the lady, she held her head far out beside the pillow, which only smothered her shoulder, and Booth leaned over the bolster and kissed her in a very unmurderous way.

Who will ever forget the first night of George Rignold, when he pranced on with a square-cut golden wig and took New York's female heart by storm? George was a stumpy man, with a butcher-like air, a red head and a wiry beard. He had a big, fat, dowager-looking wife, who held him in check pretty thoroughly. There was very little in him to fascinate the ladies; but he made love with an ardor that interested 'em, and the golden wig settled him.

The Unknown Stevens has copied the Henry V. kiss. We all thought it just too lovely when Rignold took the little French actress who played the Princess in his arms, twisted her head till he nearly broke her neck, and proceeded in leisurely fashion to give her a kiss of such magnitude that its publicity was the most remarkable thing about it.

Maude Granger played Susan to Rignold's William on the same stage, and when William came home from sea, the people who were there to see fairly shuddered at the rapturous meeting. They felt that such acting was unsafe; that somebody might get hurt; and if they had seen Maude Granger's face next day, they would have found out their fears were not groundless. The rascal of an actor had a two days' beard, and his face was like a piece of sand-paper.

Then, when the reign of manly beauty was over, of a sudden Booth's Theatre was packed to see the debut of Neilson as Juliet—incomparably the best Juliet that New York ever saw. As the pale moonbeams fell on that loveliest of faces in the balcony scene, every one realized they were looking on the ideal Juliet, as when they look on the face and form of Edwin Booth they see the ideal Hamlet. That first Neilson season was a great one. The floral boom commenced at once, and how the Dudes of that epoch did keep it up. Then the real Juliet jubilee began. We had a regular festival of it. Rignold came back and had a benefit with five Juliets to make love to; and what a variable gang they were, to be sure. Maude Granger was one, and Fanny Davenport another—the long and the short of the whole affair.

One of the saddest sights I ever saw was in the lobby there during George Fox's last engagement. The wonderful pantomimist was as crazy as Lear. During some specialties that were introduced in Humpty Dumpty, George got into an ulster and put a derby hat on his poor old chalked head, walked out through the private box, paraded through the house, and was captured tramping up and down the lobby muttering to himself. But what a sad spectacle he was, the careworn, whitened face looking over the top of the ulster, and his tights and rosetted shoes sticking out at the bottom! A crowded lobby greeted his appearance with hushed and anxious comments; but there was never a smile on any face.

There's been a good deal of fun in that same lobby, however, on other occasions. The Gusher is not a matinee fiend; but occasionally some country cousin enlists her ser-

vices and she drifts into an afternoon show. It was during one of Neilson's later engagements that a very pretty woman, in company with a gentleman, passed through the gallery where Mr. Andrew Boyd then, as now, presided. The Gusher went next, and had nearly reached the entrance of the auditorium, when a rattling blow on her shoulder turned her round in an attitude which would have delighted the soul of John L. Sullivan.

"I'll teach you to take hussies to matinees," cried a raw-boned old madam with blazing eyes. The pretty girl with the gentleman brought up with a suddenness quite upsetting. Then I saw the situation—an ugly, club-handled parasol had delivered the blow, which, falling short, had lighted on my innocent shoulders. In a moment the man dropped his hold of the fair damsel and closed with the old lady. Some attachés of the place hurried them through the door leading to Sixth avenue, and the Gusher went out as second, umpire, bottle-holder, anything—feeling sure this merry little mill would be jollier than any show inside. It was lovely; the old lady dove every time for the man's head, and the man clawed the air wildly, trying to catch the flying parasol; the pretty young girl dove this side and that, a noble crowd gathered; when at last, with a shriek of triumph, the old woman attained her object, she sailed into the air like a boomerang; she clutched a lock of the unfortunate man's hair, and there he was, his hat flying toward the gutter, the old girl having a nice brown curly wig, and he confessed the balddest-headed man that ever sat in a front seat at The Black Crook.

"Now go take that brazen hussy to a circus if you want to," screamed the victorious patriot. "You're welcome to go on. I've fixed your flint-for you, you scoundrel."

The little woman cried out aghast, "Oh, 'Lijah!" and fled into the recesses of a street-car. Someone took up the name, which seemed by Biblical precedent peculiarly fitting, and "Oh, 'Lijah!" went round the ring.

'Lijah grabbed his hat from someone. Without his wig, it struck his ears and went over 'em as easy as a barrel-hoop. The woman and the wig struck for Twenty-third street, and I returned to the theatre thinking that short but sharp set-to about as funny a fight as ever took place in the vicinity of

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Two Model Housekeepers.

Dave Belasco may know how to write a play, and Charlie Frohman may know how to manage a company; but neither would be called paragons in the matter of marketing, as the following incident will prove: The two gentlemen, Saturday week, undertook to give a little samovar party in the manager's room of the Madison Square Theatre. Not daring to trust each other in the purchase of the herb, they both sauntered out to the nearest tea store. Entering, Belasco inquired:

"Have you some prime tea?"
"Yes, sir," replied the urbane storekeeper.
"What kind will you have—Oolong, Japan, Young Hyson, Congo or English Breakfast?"
"This is for a supper," said Frohman, in his innocence.

"Yes," said Dave, "and we want the very best; eh, Charlie?"

"Of course; the very best." Then turning to Dave, he said: "What do you think it will cost?"

"Guess about ten or twelve dollars a pound. We can stand it, you know."

"Well," says Frohman to the storekeeper, "you can put up a pound of—"

"No," interrupted Dave, "a pound is too much; half a pound will do; perhaps a quarter of a pound," at the same time throwing down a five-dollar bill.

As Charles did not know whether that quantity would make a keg or a cup of tea, he left to Dave, placing a small roll of bills upon the counter. Then came a squabble between the two, both insisting upon being the generous purchaser. The quarter of a pound of Oolong was duly wrapped up, and both shook their money at the shop-keeper, who took Dave's five-dollar bill and proceeded to his desk with it.

"Dirt cheap for such tea, isn't it?" said Dave, as the two were about emerging.
"Guess it is," replied Frohman.
"Hold on, there!" bellowed the storekeeper: "don't you want your change?"
"Change!" exclaimed Belasco; "certainly, if there is any coming."

He was almost taken off his feet when the storekeeper placed four dollars and eighty cents in his hands.
"Twenty cents for all that?" exclaimed Dave. "Holy smoke!"

The two model purchasers looked at each other a moment—two of the most sheepish looks it is possible to imagine—left the store, and got up an immediate conversation on the atrial affairs.

Letter to the Editor.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE FUND TRUSTEES.

NEW YORK, April 21, 1893.

Editor New York Mirror:—The late fiasco made of the Actors' Fund benefits in New York is calculated to make one think a little as to how it can be remedied in the future. Without going into the question of "why?" allow me to make a suggestion through your columns, which I hope will receive a little attention, at least.

Would it not be a good idea for the Executive Committee of the Fund to secure a play that has already secured a Metropolitan reputation, organize a good company of well-known people and put it on the road, the profits to accrue to the Fund? Good plays, well managed, are generally as successful on the road as in the city, and the play could be had on a royalty or for an interest in the profits, which would remove all risk from that quarter. A company of actors would be given that. Printers would do their part for less money than usual; local managers would be secured to give better terms for a company passing through the city, and if the play had already been marked "a success" and the company selected was a strong one, the Fund should be at least \$20,000 each year. I think they can afford any risk that might be, and be sure they could capture big game. Yours truly, Act.

The Festival Programmes.

In publishing the programmes of the Festival performances we deem it desirable to annex, as a sort of corollary, brief comments on each play. The representations in the evening will begin at 7.30, and spectators, in order to miss no detail, should be in their seats five minutes before the curtain ascends. The matinee performances begin promptly at 2 o'clock.

Between the acts a bugle-call will announce to the audience that the next act is about to commence. This call will precede the rising of the curtain five minutes.

FIRST REPRESENTATION—MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 20.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar..... Louis James
Octavius Cæsar..... F. C. Mosley
Terentius..... F. C. Mosley
Marcus Antonius..... James E. Murdoch
Cassius..... F. C. Mosley
Cicero..... F. C. Mosley
Brutus..... F. C. Mosley
Metellus..... F. C. Mosley
Cinna..... F. C. Mosley
Popilius..... F. C. Mosley
Tullius..... F. C. Mosley
Lucius, servant to Brutus..... F. C. Mosley
Pindarus, servant to Cassius..... F. C. Mosley
Sextus, servant to Brutus..... F. C. Mosley
Calpurnia, wife to Brutus..... F. C. Mosley
Portia, wife to Brutus..... F. C. Mosley
Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Attendants, etc.

Julius Cæsar gives us a trinity of characters not to be found in any other play we can think of. The stern simplicity of Brutus, the cranky tetchiness of Cassius and the free-handed gallantry of Mark Antony stand contrasted, and yet combined, as none but a master-hand could have contrived and combined them. Brutus' plain and terse speech, the wordy cavillings of Cassius, and the poetic eloquence of Mark Antony will always be models of their various styles, and impress us with wonder how one mind could have conceived, one hand written such differing matters. Without daring or wishing to dethrone Shakespeare, we may be permitted to imagine that the mighty master had his advisers and collaborators, for 'tis well nigh impossible to believe that "one small head could carry all he knew." Every Emperor has his cabinet, why not the monarch of the drama? Raleigh would account for the good seamanship of The Tempest, Bacon for the legal lore of The Merchant of Venice, and Leicester for the courtly gallants of the historical plays, and the high-bred comedy of Rosalind and Beatrice tempered, of course, by the master-hand of William Shakespeare.

SECOND REPRESENTATION—TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 1.

THE HUNCHBACK.

Master Walter..... John McCullough
Sir Thomas Clifford..... Lawrence Barrett
Modius..... F. C. Mosley
Master Heartwell..... F. C. Mosley
Fathom..... F. C. Mosley
Lord Tinsel..... F. C. Mosley
Master Wilford..... F. C. Mosley
Gaylord..... F. C. Mosley
Thomas..... F. C. Mosley
Stephen..... F. C. Mosley
Servant..... F. C. Mosley
Julian..... F. C. Mosley
Helen..... F. C. Mosley

The Hunchback is perhaps the most perfect example of serious and light acting at present in possession of the stage. Julia and Helen are the two ends of a balance in equilibrium. It is hard to say which of the two will weigh the most in public favor, and the scale is swayed more by the personal attributes of the occupant than by the intrinsic quality of the metal. The author, Sheridan Knowles, was an Irishman, and, like Shakespeare, an indifferent actor. He had a rich brogue, and did not know it. As is the case with many of his fellow-countrymen, he wrote many plays; but, after all, his fame rests mainly upon The Hunchback, and that will last, as long as the English language is "understood of the people," as one of the classics of the tongue.

Knowles turned Methodist preacher in his latter days, and fought against the profession that had made him what he was; but many forsake their early loves in their dotage, and are to be pitied, not hated. A man should be judged in his prime, not in his decadence; and we prefer to look upon Sheridan Knowles rather as the author of The Hunchback than as a preacher.

Third representation, Wednesday afternoon, May 2—Julius Cæsar repeated.

FOURTH REPRESENTATION—WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 2.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon..... Louis James
Don John, his bastard brother..... F. C. Mosley
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, favorite of Don Pedro..... F. C. Mosley
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favorite of Don Pedro..... F. C. Mosley
Leonato, Governor of Messina..... F. C. Mosley
Antonio, brother to Leonato..... F. C. Mosley
Conrad..... F. C. Mosley
Dugberry..... F. C. Mosley
F. Little Marcellus, an officer..... F. C. Mosley
Bernardo, an officer..... F. C. Mosley
First Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Second Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Third Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Fourth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Fifth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Sixth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Seventh Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Eighth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Ninth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Tenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Eleventh Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twelfth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirteenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Fourteenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Fifteenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Sixteenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Seventeenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Eighteenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Nineteenth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twentieth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-first Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-second Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-third Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-fourth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-fifth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-sixth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-seventh Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-eighth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Twenty-ninth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirtieth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-first Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-second Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-third Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-fourth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-fifth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-sixth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-seventh Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-eighth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Thirty-ninth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Fortieth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-first Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-second Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-third Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-fourth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-fifth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-sixth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-seventh Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-eighth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Forty-ninth Actor..... F. C. Mosley
Fiftieth Actor..... F. C. Mosley

SENATORS, MESSENGERS, WATCH AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE: Messina.

Much Ado About Nothing is the point and perfection of comedy. In no tongue on earth is it surpassed for keenness of wit and beauty of diction. Benedick is the prince of fellows, and Beatrice, the brightest of fair ladies; the sharp "encounters of their wit" are fought with lances tipped with diamonds and swords of sunbeams. Their word-fencing is the most admirable attack and defense, foil and counter-foil that ever was seen; and society owes many a quick repartee and terse remark to the example of these teachers of verbal thrust and parry. Types are very persistent, and that of Dogberry comes down to us wonderfully unchanged. His muddle-headed self-importance, his grandiloquent ignorance, and his stolid devotion to his own interests, can be paralleled on many a bench and in many a police-station. To be sure, the pike and lantern have given place to the locust and the gown and hood to the many helmet and brass-bound liver of the modern "bobby"; but, as Napoleon used to say, "Gardez le Kussie et vous trouverez le Tartare démasqué," so we say, "Serub a policeman, and

Some of the Scenery.

The first act of Julius Cæsar, which is confined to one scene—a street in Rome—was painted by Gaspard Maeder, after models by Waugh. This is a grand piece of work. In the distance is the Tarpeian Rock, with the Temple of Jove towering beyond. The Temples of Hercules and of Concordia, or Peace, are also seen, with the shrine of Jupiter Tonans. A triumphal arch through which the procession passes will be a conspicuous feature. The other scenes were painted by Harley Merry, Joseph Piggott, Maeder, Thompson, T. R. Weston and Rettig. The garden scene by Piggott, is an especially fine piece of work.

The port of Fumagasta, in Act III of Othello, was painted by Maeder from models by Weston. It is one of the finest scenes of the Festival. The entire scenery for Othello was painted by Maeder, Weston, Thompson, Rettig, Wilson and Leslie.

The first scene of Hamlet, the Castle of Elsinore, is 65x60 feet in extent. Hamlet is the best staged work of the Festival, especially the Ghost and graveyard scenes. In the latter 200 figures are seen in the cortege. Clambering vines and plants are in profusion, with grassy mounds, etc., all so disposed as to make the graveyard scene the most natural ever seen upon a stage. Most of the scenes are by Maeder, Merry and Weston.

The first scene of Romeo and Juliet is a faithful reproduction of the Piazza delle Erbe, being historically correct to the minutest details. Park in Verona, Room in Capulet's House, Hall in Capulet's House, the three succeeding scenes, are very elaborate, and are faultless in details. Act II is taken up by the balcony scene, to which especial attention has been paid.

There is but one scene in Act I. of Much Ado About Nothing—the court beyond Leonato's house, in Messina. In Act III. five scenes have been reduced to two, and three to two in Act IV.

The scenes from The Hunchback are mostly interiors, and have been a difficult task for the artists, on account of the proportions of the Music Hall stage. The handsomest is Scene 2 of Act I., the Mansion and Park of the Hunchback. Much care was taken in its construction, in deference to Mary Anderson's wishes. Scene 2, Act II., an old English street, is from a carefully prepared design by Waugh.

James Sheridan Knowles.

James Sheridan Knowles, the author of The Hunchback, was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1784. The dramatic instinct showed itself at an unusually early age, for he got up and trained a company of juvenile actors, and even wrote plays for them, when he was only twelve years old. The whole company spoke in the true Corkonian drawl, and the author-manager had the thickest brogue of the lot; indeed, that accomplishment stuck to him through life and seriously impeded his histrionic efforts. Fortunately, he did not write with a brogue, as his countryman, Lever, did. His accent did not, however, prevent him from teaching elocution, which he did in Belfast, in a small room over a chandler's shop, where he used frequently to recite the part of Brutus in a rich Southern brogue to a Cassius who talked in the sub-acid Scotch-Irish of that linen-weaving locality. The result was said to be very curious—something like curds and whey.

He was very tenacious on the subject of his elocutionary powers, and was far more proud of his reading than of his writing. It is told of him that, being in a tavern in London, he entered into conversation with a stranger, who immediately began to talk about Ireland as his interlocutor's native country, upon which Knowles cried in a rich Doric:

"Ah, thin, how did ye find out that I was Irish, sor?"

"Why, by your tongue, of course," replied the stranger.

"Faith, thin, that's quare," retorted Knowles. "I was iver an' always consid'ered to spake like an Englishman in Cork."

"Oh! perhaps, sir," said the Briton, "in Cork!" Knowles turned parson afterward; but he did not shine at the altar, although his oily brogue ought to have lent unction to his discourses. His writings, however, have made his name immortal, and the selection of his Hunchback as the worthy companion of the greatest works of Shakespeare shows the consideration in which he is held as a dramatic author of the first rank. Knowles died in England on November 30, 1862.

A Philosophic Frontiersman.

The fact that Cincinnati, during the Dramatic Festival, is likely to be the home of a large theatrical colony, recalls an incident in connection with the name of "Buffalo Bill" (Hon. W. F. Cody) that may not be without interest. As is generally known, he is now a man of large wealth. Prudent investment, the establishing of a cattle ranch in Nebraska, his books and his popularity, have enabled him to accumulate more of the world's goods than usually fall to the lot of an every-day actor, and the old scout illustrates in his career the success that attaches to well-directed effort. He is not a man, however, without social faults, and if Dr. Howard Crosby, or any other self-appointed commissioner upon the conscience of his fellow-beings was to sit in judgment, he would receive less mercy than that accorded by Sitting Bull.

Passing through Cincinnati, he met a pleasant-faced lad—a footbalist. Perhaps there was something about the boy that reminded "Buffalo Bill" of his own early struggles in life. At any rate, before parting with him, he insured place, position and an opportunity that made the lad's life a success.

It was while he was in process of blacking that he met Dr. Carver, who was then temporarily a guest at the Burnet House. The two had been brother-hunters on the plains. Carver suggested that to another old-timer, a Western man, whom both were known,

They went taking a number of lessons in the way. There was a glass of whiskey or two distributed, an interchange of reminiscences, and a game of cards. The Western friend had lost his arm in an Indian fight, and naturally his part of the play was made with one hand. The stakes at first were trifling, but as the men progressed, the sum increased. The amount ran from five to ten dollars, then to fifty, one hundred, five hundred, and when the party separated at an early hour in the morning, twenty-three thousand dollars had changed hands, and a sorrow-looking party of individuals, whose nerves were ordinarily firm on the trigger, never went into their blankets. Only a good deal of a philosopher, and as he tucked himself in bed, he called across the room to Carver: "Doc, we've all been wiped, but great Scott! if I could do that with one arm, what would it have done with two?"

The Stars of the Festival.

On the title page of this number appear excellent portraits of the eight stars of the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival. The lives of these actors are so well known to the profession that we refrain from taking their patience with extended accounts of each. Mr. Murdoch has acted but little since the war, and is known to this generation principally as a reader. Mr. Eliser lately has devoted his time exclusively to the management of his theatres in Cleveland and Pittsburgh. The others have all been engaged in active public work for some years past.

Booth's First Appearance.

When a youth, Edwin Booth was his father's dresser, the elder Booth never going to the theatre without his son. Being so constantly thrown among theatrical people, he naturally formed a liking for the stage, with its glamor and excitement. His greatest desire was to "come out" without his father's knowledge, and with this object in view he understudied a number of small parts, especially in scenes where his father would not appear. Finally, the long-looked-for and anxiously-desired time arrived. One of the actors, whose part he had studied, was suddenly taken ill and could not play. Young Edwin, in a highly excited state of mind, rushed up to the stage manager and volunteered to take the place of the sick actor. The manager, of course, was surprised at this, and said, "What do you know about the part?"

"I know it all perfectly," said Edwin, and straightaway commenced to recite it.

"Good for you," said the astonished manager. "Jump into the costume as quickly as possible and go on."

This delighted the ambitious youth, who was only too eager to don his first stage-suit. He dressed himself hurriedly and was awaiting his "call," when his father summoned him to his dressing-room. This was an unlooked-for circumstance. Nothing daunted, however, he appeared before the great actor in his costume. The old gentleman turned to speak to him, and being thunderstruck by the wonderful change in his dress, said: "Ha! you young scamp, what does this mean?"

Edwin, somewhat disconcerted, bowed very respectfully before him, and said: "By your leave, sir, I'm going on to take the part of ———, who is taken suddenly ill."

"Well," said the veteran, "do you know your part and your stage business? Remember whose son you are."

Then taking a survey of the youth's costume, he continued in severe tones: "Do you know you must wear boots covered with mud, and spurs. Where are they?"

"I have none," replied the young aspirant, looking sorrowfully down at his offending members.

"Here, be quick; take my boots and spurs," said the elder, presenting his feet, while Edwin tugged at the boots, in which he soon encased his own feet, and darting on the stage played his part with much credit. On returning to the dressing-room, he was disappointed to find his father sitting exactly in the same position in which he had left him, his feet resting on the table. He made no remark about the performance, but went on to play his part as if nothing unusual had happened. One of the stage hands, who was a firm friend of Edwin, seeing his look of disappointment, said: "The old man wants to make you think he hadn't seen you; but don't you believe it. He watched you from the time you went on until you came off, often turning and saying 'Gad, the young rascal does well.'"

This settled it with young Edwin, for he knew how to appreciate even faint praise from this great source.

Reminiscences of Forrest.

At a meeting of the International Copyright Club (in 1843), at the house of a mutual friend, the writer first met Mr. Forrest, who was impelled to be present from a desire to see the literary gentlemen of the club. Afterward the writer visited the distinguished actor at his spacious mansion in Twenty-first street, where he became acquainted with Mrs. Forrest, who was *de facto* secretary to her husband, and, among other clerical duties, kept a great ledger chronicling every professional engagement of Mr. Forrest, time, place, attendance, the reception of each piece, and the receipts of each house, regularly entered. This was constantly consulted as a guide to new engagements, and exhibited many interesting facts, among others it seemed obvious that the bulk of Mr. Forrest's fortune had been derived from the original plays.

As indicating the tragedian's simple habits, the writer remembers that, calling on one occasion, Mr. Forrest came into the drawing-room in his shirt-sleeves and a broad-brimmed straw hat. He explained that he had been at work in the garden. The writer suggested that he must have found it rather tedious work, being upon a very hot summer's day. "A mere trifle," was the reply, "to the Russian baths I took in St. Petersburg, where you keep climbing and climbing up into a cupola, the heat increasing obviously at every step of the ascent, and the stairs were by no means few." At a later period the author read to the actor a drama which did not prove acceptable, nor could that have been reasonably expected, as the play was more on the line of intellectual development and subtlety rather than an exhibition of material power. It was the presentation of another play which led to a singular specimen of Forrest's character. This was more in his vein, and when read to him he accepted it at once, and determined to produce it in London on a third visit, which he was then on the eve of making. By way of good-bye, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest held a reception the evening before the day of departure, when their parlors were crowded with notabilities of all ranks and professions. Among these were William Cullen Bryant, the Rev. Orville Dewey, Chevalier Henry Wykoff, Parke Godwin, N. P. Willis and others, making altogether a brilliant and apparently most friendly assemblage. The next day a party of friends accompanied the tragedian and his wife down the bay, when farewell was taken, an incident of which was a friendly controversy on the gang-plank of the parting tug between Messrs. Wykoff and Howard, which should have the pleasure of the last hand-shake with Mrs. Forrest. To this end the two rivals kept up a lively run, back and forth, on the plank, as the packet ship receded, until, just as it seemed that Messrs. Wykoff and Howard, one or both, must go into the water, they slid on board of the tug from the falling plank.

Shortly after his arrival in London a long letter came to me from Mr. Forrest describing the state of things theatrical in that city, and the intense prejudice existing against him from his having blessed Mr. Macready in the handkerchief scene in Hamlet, which completely foreclosed Mr. Forrest's public appearance and any attempt to introduce a new play in London with any hope of success. After two years in Europe Mr. Forrest returned to this country. He invited the writer to dine with him the first Sunday after his arrival. To keep the appointment the writer made his appearance in Twenty-first street, and was ushered to the library, where he found the tragedian. With a few words of greeting and general talk Mr. Forrest placed in my hands a letter which astonished me as much as any document which I ever held possession of. It appears that Mr. Forrest had caused a copy of the American play to be made in London and submitted to an English actor; and the letter I held was a letter from Mr. Macready, giving his opinion of the piece, addressed to the unknown in whose name it had been sent to him.

An American play submitted to an examination anonymously for the opinion of Mr. Macready, who was at that moment the deadliest enemy of Forrest, with whom he was involved in a bitter feud, which a few years later led to the great and fatal Astor Place riot! This act of the American tragedian is almost inexplicable; he was probably attracted by the mystery of the thing, and wished to divine in this indirect way what the chances of the American play might have been if it had been fairly tried.

Another incident of Mr. Forrest's return to America after his third and last unsatisfactory visit to England was a public dinner tendered to him by a large number of eminent citizens, representing literature, the press, the bar and other liberal friends of the drama. The dinner took place at the New York Hotel. William Cullen Bryant presided, and delivered a speech introducing the guest. To this Mr. Forrest rose to reply, and had advanced some distance in an orotund exordium when he came to a pause. The pause continued and occasioned the remark that it was truly Forrestian, but as it was continued many had their doubts, which were put an end to by a sudden plunge of the tragedian's left hand into his coat-tail pocket, reappearing with a manuscript roll, by aid of which he proceeded at once with his orotundities.

The day after the dinner, the writer, having occasion to call at the editorial rooms of the *Evening Post*, found Mr. Bryant seated there in a brown study. He at once made known that he was in a great perplexity. The trouble was that Mr. Bryant had handed over the manuscript speeches, toasts, etc., of the dinner to the *Evening Express* people, with the understanding that they would furnish the *Post* with printed slips in time for its regular edition. The result was the time had passed, and no slips had arrived, the *Express*, it appears, reserving the matter for a later edition of its own. What was to be done? Mr. Bryant had his own speech; the writer could furnish the original draught of the speech he had delivered; he could also furnish one or two of the toasts. This was all well enough, but the prime feature of the occasion was wanting. Where was Mr. Forrest's speech? This Mr. Bryant requested the writer to reproduce for him. He pleaded that, having been only a listener, he had not given the speech a reporter's attention, but if he had pen, ink and paper he would do the best he could. Mr. Bryant pronounced the impromptu report a very good reproduction of what Mr. Forrest had spoken; it hit many of the very phrases employed by Mr. Forrest, and he was much pleased with it. With these preliminaries the editor of the *Evening Post* went forth—as the writer found when, the same evening, calling at the house of a mutual friend, he was handed a letter from Mrs. Forrest, who, it appeared, had already seen the day's *Post* and discovered the substituted speech. This had evidently aroused strong feeling at the Forrests', where the act was regarded as a great outrage. By way of side light, it may be mentioned that the writer on his return from the office of the *Post* met at his own office door Mr. Forrest, to whom he made known that he had just written a speech for him, explaining to him the circumstances. To which the great tragedian responded rather angrily: "I wish to God you hadn't." Here it may be noticed, as a curious circumstance, that, although Forrest wished to be regarded as an admirer of Shakespeare, and had been a student of his writings and an exponent of his language—so simple and natural—for many years, yet his own style of expression as shown in his letters, in his famous Fourth of July oration, and that at the dinner referred to, was turgid and elaborate to the last degree. Hence his vexation at being most innocently deprived of his fine feathers. Mr. Forrest did not speak to the writer for years after he had committed the unintended offence of giving a hoop upon the keg which, from abnormal fermentation, was bursting all bounds. It was this trait—that he had no other standard and tolerated no other view or opinion than his own—that so greatly deteriorated a nature in many respects noble.

C. M.



William Shakespeare.

Until 1564 the 23d of April was a day celebrated by every good and loyal British subject with religious ardor, for it was St. George's Day, and St. George is England's patron saint. But on that day in the year above-mentioned an event occurred of such immeasurable importance that ever since the dragon-slaying saint has enjoyed but a scant portion of the agreeable and popular adulation which previously he had looked for with tolerable certainty on his anniversary. That event was the birth of a little babe which came to gladden the home of a sturdy yeoman. No prophet predicted the child's advent; no wise men sought it with presents of frankincense and myrrh; but over the humble cot wherein it peacefully slept, a star shone out with scarcely less brilliance than that which glorified Bethlehem. Its light was reflected on the surface of "the sweet flowing Avon," which murmured a soft lullaby. John Shakespeare looked into the face of William, his little son, with eyes of gladness and love. He did not know that unto the world a being had been given whose name—like that of the Innocent of Judea—would pass down a limitless vista of centuries robed in the effulgence of an immortal fame.

John and Mary Shakespeare were good, honest people of the middle class. At Stratford, where they lived, they were held in high esteem by their neighbors, and John, shortly after his first son William's arrival, was made an Alderman in his town. He held other responsible offices of trust and honor during his life, the duties of which he discharged with credit. He was an excellent man and an exemplary father. His wife's maiden name was Arden. She came of a family not higher in rank than his own. To the well-saved possessions of her spouse she had brought a small parcel of land. During the latter half of the year 1564 the terrible plague which devastated London and other parts of the island spread into Stratford, where it raged six months. The Shakespeares escaped unscathed. Two years later another son came into honest John's domestic circle. He was called Gilbert, and William was borne in his mother's arms to see the new-comer baptized in the village church. During the succeeding three years nothing marked the smooth current of life in the family except that the father received a higher honor from his townsmen in being elected Bailiff of Stratford, and the mother was delivered of another child, this one being of her own sex. It was named Joan. When William was five years old he was taken for the first time to witness a theatrical performance given by a party of strollers called "The Queen's Players," from the fact of their having acted for the amusement of her Gracious Majesty Elizabeth. John Shakespeare's means grew larger with each year, and his family underwent almost as fruitful an increase. Two more children—Anne and Richard—made their appearance in rapid succession.

William, at the age of eight, attended the Stratford grammar school, where his thirst for knowledge, his marvelous capacity for study and his rapid progress no doubt astonished the simple preceptors who were accustomed to deal with the pudding-headed urchins abounding in the community, and with whom the birch was a constant companion. Sports of the field, plenty of exercise and the bounty of his father developed his physical being while the seeds of learning were sowed in the intellect to whose fertility we are indebted for the grandest contributions to the literature of the world.

The record of events in the Shakespeare family for several years after this are exceedingly meagre. It is only known that the father's property diminished as rapidly as it had accumulated. His lands and those of his wife were sold or mortgaged, and the strictest economy characterized the conduct of their household affairs. Death visited them for the first time, taking away into Anne. When William was fifteen years old, and during the decline in the fortunes of his family, it is probable that he was engaged in studious pursuits. Whether he wore the scholar's gown at Oxford or Cambridge, or delved in the law at the Inns of Court, there is no means of definitely knowing. The understanding which he had of law and the frequency with which he betrays a classical education, as shown by his plays, lead one to the supposition that for some of the years mentioned, and for a longer time than is generally supposed, he was occupied as a student. The poverty of John Shakespeare is a fact which stands in the light of this theory, for William

could have attended college and the school of law in the capacity of servant, as is done to this day. It is easy to believe that while yet a collegian he wrote his poem, "Venus and Adonis," and some others of his cruder efforts.

When he reached his eighteenth year he became enamored of Anne Hathaway. She is said to have been very beautiful. Her beauty was of that ripe sort so enticing to youths of inexperience. Anne was seven years her lover's senior; but the disparity was not taken into account at all by the hot-blooded swain. It is possible that prudence was not the chief consideration of their courtship, as Anne's father, Richard, to insure the performance of the marriage ceremony, caused young Shakespeare to sign a document before the wedding, binding himself to perform his part of the contract at the appointed time. It must not be forgotten, in extenuation of the lady's conduct, that a looser virtue prevailed then than (openly) at present, and if the young people did err, they wiped out the sin—according to the notion of the time—by entering the bonds of wedlock. At all events, the comely Anne made a good, faithful and loving wife, whose ready sympathy, even temper and patient disposition exerted a large influence over her William's life and writings.

When Shakespeare had been a husband four years, during which his family had multiplied to five, he found his small income entirely inadequate to provide for their wants, and decided to go to London. In making this departure he was evidently encouraged by the actors of several vagrant theatrical companies who had played in Stratford, and whose companionship the young man, finding it congenial, had sought. Perhaps he had already written some plays and read them to the strollers. Perhaps they advised him to resort to the great city where there were chances to try these in the royally licensed theatres then in the enjoyment of considerable popularity. He therefore proceeded to London, full of the ambition and hope of a man of two-and-twenty. On his arrival he met his first disappointment. He was told that his plays were crude and ill-adapted for stage representation, and that until he had altered them suitably and qualified himself for the duties of an actor as well, he would not be able to gain a foothold. Taking this matter sensibly, Shakespeare instantly set about the work of revising his plays, writing new ones and preparing himself for the histrionic profession. This work consumed two years, at the end of which time he became one of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars Theatre, an establishment where the company received, in return for their artistic labors, a percentage of what was left after expenses were deducted. Shakespeare worked hard and rapidly rose in fame as a dramatist. Spenser took up the claims of the youthful playwright and sang his praises in a poem called "The Tears of the Muses." The attention of royalty was drawn to him, and he basked in the favor of the Queen and her noblest subjects. Among actors and lords he was alike a favorite. But it is not to be supposed that so young and gifted a writer could escape the enmity of less favored rivals. Shakespeare was made the subject of abuse in several satirical screeds from the pens of clever writers, but his wit and worth were so incomparably superior to those of his detractors, that their attacks were not only harmless, but actually productive of good in that they served to emphasize his fast spreading fame as a poet and playwright.

In 1592 the plague raged in London. All business was suspended; the inhabitants in their panic had no stomach for amusements and all the theatres closed their doors. It is likely Shakespeare removed his family from the city to Stratford to avoid the pestilence, and with the profits of his two seasons at the Blackfriars betook himself to Italy, where he stored away material that came of good use in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Shylock*, *Othello* and other pieces which are located in the sunny South of Europe. On his return one of Shakespeare's townsmen, named Richard Field, in London printed the first edition of "Venus and Adonis," under the personal supervision of the author. The poem was followed a year later by "Lucrece," issued from Field's press. Meantime Richard Burbadge, a friend and fellow-actor of Shakespeare, organized a scheme to build a new theatre better adapted to the requirements of the public than the Blackfriars. The new theatre was finished in 1595 and opened with the performance of *Titus Andronicus*. Shakespeare did not immediately associate himself with the new theatre. He remained at the old theatre for some time, successfully producing up to this period *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Henry VIII.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The two Gentlemen of Ver-

ona, *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, *Richard II.*, *King John*, *Henry V.*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry VI.*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ben Jonson, who after Shakespeare's death wrote ungenerously of him, was indebted to him during the year 1595 for the production of his comedy, *Every Man in His Humor*, at the Blackfriars.

Just after the beginning the Seventeenth century John Shakespeare, the poet's well-beloved father died. He had not succeeded in retrieving his fallen fortunes; but he had lived to see his eldest son a famous dramatist whose plays were the talk of London town, and by the affectionate assistance of William he had been kept above want. The year following this sad event Shakespeare and a company of players (among whom was Richard Burbadge, the builder of the Globe) received a royal patent from King James to perform at the Globe Theatre. During this arrangement, which lasted three years, he produced *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Measure for Measure*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Macbeth* and *Henry VIII.*, and he also appeared as Adam in *As You Like It*, the Ghost in *Hamlet* and many other parts, Burbadge playing the leading rôles. Most of his pieces had been issued in book form before this. In 1604 Shakespeare retired from the Globe company and from the stage. On his retirement the theatre, which had previously been prosperous, entered upon a career of misfortune, finally ending in its total destruction from fire in June, 1614. After leaving the stage the great writer settled down to live in a house he had bought adjacent to the Blackfriars, where he could compose his plays at leisure, and enjoy the society of the actors, for which he always had an especial predilection. While visiting in Stratford his wife Anne died there in the house of her son. Her demise was hastened, no doubt, by the loss of another son—Edmund—the year previous. While residing in London Shakespeare finished and gave to the public *Pericles*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *A Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Caesar* and *Cymbeline*. These plays were written within a space of nine years.

Having tired of active labor, Shakespeare, at the age of forty-eight, quitted London, and took up a permanent residence in his house at Stratford. Here he enjoyed the delight of rural life to the utmost. Occasionally, it is believed, Ben Jonson and other town wits who loved his society, came down to spend a day with him in friendly discourse, and returned with tremendous ideas of the swinish form of bibulous hospitality which obtained in those days.

After a brief illness—of what nature we have no account—Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, the fifty-second anniversary of his birth. He was "not for an age, but for all time," and although the spirit had left its clay Shakespeare ceased not to live.

Representative Shakespearean Actors.

In making a trip on board a steamship in fine weather, it used to be a common thing for the stewards to seat themselves in a semi-circle on the quarter-deck, and, with banjo, guitar, accordion, bones and voice, give a minstrel show for the delectation of the passengers. Such and no other wise was the origin of companies of actors in England. The servants of an inn used to give shows in the courtyards of the hostleries in which they worked, the galleries and lobbies surrounding the court serving for an auditorium, the end of the yard next the offices being used as a stage, while the further part did duty as pit, or parquet. Afterward, the "livery" of a nobleman, consisting of his house-servants, running footmen, grooms, etc., imitated the example of their less aristocratic brethren of the tavern, and gave entertainments for the amusement of their lords and masters, going by the names of their employers, as "My Lord Leicester's servants," etc.

The lay brethren and servants of religious houses took up the trade, on the principle, probably, that "it was a pity to let the Devil have all the good springs," as John Wesley said when he stole the ballads to make hymns of them, even as Brother Sankey does now. There were no play-houses, as we understand them—that is, regular places fitted up and appropriated to the purpose of acting plays—before the Elizabethan era; and it is wonderful to think that the greatest of the world's dramatists, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, should have, on the spur, rushed the art to a pitch of perfection that no other writer has ever reached. Of course, these servants, having once tasted of the sweets of popular applause, were loth to go back to dishwashing, and so, by degrees, came banded troops of actors, who chose rather to risk the chances of defeat or success on an independent footing than to fill their bellies and starve their brains as well-fed lackeys.

When regular play-houses were established the buildings were still distinguished by signs and appellations like to those used by public taverns, and this, by the natural and necessary process of evolution, which obtains in things theatrical as in things comical, such as *The Hell Savage*, *The Curtain*, *The Red Bull*, *The Swan*, and many others. Contrary to received opinion, we assert that there was some attempt at scenery made on these primitive stages, probably about as much as one can see in a Chinese theatre, where a screen does duty for a walled city and a kitchen-table for a fortress. In fact, we have the written receipts for money paid out for castles and arbors of painted canvas and painted cloths for the players' houses. Our tragedy green-baize is a survival of the old rush-strewn stage.

Beyond all question, the star of the Shakespearean stage was RICHARD BURBADGE. This actor, one of a good old family in Warwickshire. His father, James Burbadge, was also an actor, and the first regularly-licensed manager. He and his comrades were called "Lord Leicester's servants," and had a royal license granted them to represent plays in the City of London and its liberties, and in all other towns and cities throughout England. RICHARD BURBADGE began his professional life at an early age, having enacted female parts, at that period always entrusted to boys. He lived in Holywell street, Shoreditch, and was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to the

gay gallants of the day, even as our handsome young actors are wont to be now. He was the original Hamlet, Romeo, Othello, Richard III.; in fact, he created what is now known as the Shakespearean Repertory, to play the round of which is the criterion of a "legitimate tragedian." We know that he was a little man, for a contemporary poet says:

Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood.

And we know that he was a great actor, for FLECKNOE, a writer of the time, tells us that "He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part and putting off himself with his clothes, as he never, not so much as in the trying house, assumed himself." And that is all we know about England's great Roscius, DICK BURBADGE. So transient is the actor's fame, so ephemeral the memory of his achievements. It

Comes with a breath, and with a breath is gone.

The original of our line of Shakespearean comedians begins with WILL TARLETON, who was also one of "My Lord Leicester's servants." He was a humorist more than a comedian, however, and it was against his "gagging" that Shakespeare wrote his lines respecting "clowns" in his well-known advice to the players: "And let those who play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." We are sorry to confess that wild WILL TARLETON'S errors are no less free in our day than they were in those of SHAKESPEARE, and that Hamlet's advice is, as most other advice, neglected. TARLETON died of dissipation, and in his latter days was as cross and cantankerous as cracked comedians are apt to be. He was succeeded by WILL KEMPT, who was really a legitimate comedian, and the original of Dogberry, Touchstone, Launcelot Gobbo, First Gravedigger, Peter, Launce, Justice Shallow and others, the like of which parts no one but SHAKESPEARE has ever created.

Among the best-remembered of the actors of SHAKESPEARE'S time was EDWARD ALLEYN, the founder of Dulwich College. ALLEYN was never one of the players concerned in SHAKESPEARE'S actual plays; but he was one of the most noted actors of the day. He built the Fortune Theatre in 1599, and founded Dulwich College for the support of six poor men and women and twelve children. The college was intended by its founder to be confined to members of his own profession; but alas for human vanity! these very pauper actors refused to admit to the benefit of the charity an old door-keeper of the theatre, and ALLEYN, in well-merited disgust, changed the conditions of his bequest, and opened it to the poor in general. The income left by ALLEYN to this charity was £600 a year; it is now over £17,000; and, by natural course of evolution, has completely changed its purpose, and is now, like all other institutions of the kind, merely a means of making fat sinecures for rich men.

Actors must have been "solid men" in those days, for we read of them as living each one in his own hired house, as St. Paul did in Rome, and left, oftentimes, rich legacies behind them.

The next era is that of DAVID GARRICK. This great actor caused one of those revolutions that mark the progress of all things in this mundane sphere. He brought a more living manner on the stage, and made some advance in costuming, although even he used to play Macbeth in the uniform of the Guards, with a bag wig and ruffles. In all times there have been representative actors who have given the tone to the period. GARRICK was one of these. Up to his time each leading actor was prone to imitate the manner of BURBADGE, gradually, of course, becoming more and more tame, as each imitator receded from the great original. GARRICK infused new life into the character; but, strangely enough, however, his Othello was a failure, and SPRANGER BARRY took the town by his personal comeliness, which not even the black make-up could destroy. BARRY and GARRICK ran neck and neck in Romeo, and six years afterward in Lear. They were the KEMBLE and KEAN, the FORREST and AUGUSTUS ADAMS of the day.

The next representative actor was EDMUND KEAN. With him came an era of natural acting, still more developed than the manner of GARRICK. GARRICK'S style had been filtered through a variety of imitators, till it had faded into the colorless mechanical style common to second-rate actors of every age, and it needed a man of individual energy and personal magnetism to infuse new life into the dying body of the drama. This man was found in EDMUND KEAN. His nervous temperament, his wonderful eyes, his lithe, agile figure, and his exquisitely beautiful voice set him on the very apex of fame from the moment when, a shivering aspirant, he first stepped upon the Metropolitan stage at Drury Lane Theatre as Shylock. At the time of the KEAN revival JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE was the representative of the conservative school of acting. A grand man with a grand manner, he declaimed through a part with all the dignity and sonority that used to be considered the acme of perfection. KEMBLE was the idol of the old fogies of that time; KEAN was the god of the young England of the period.

KEAN'S most successful rival at first was JAMES BRITUS BOOTH, father of our representative American actor, EDWIN BOOTH. His style was also of that fiery natural kind that depends more on native impulse than laborious study, but yet has a firm foundation of experience. BOOTH, however, grew quickly tired of the contest, and betook himself to our hospitable shores. He thus belongs more distinctly to American actors.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was another who strove against the KEAN boom in England, but subsequently joined our ranks on the other side of the Atlantic Ferry—which was no ferry in those days of sailing packets, but a long and tiresome voyage. CHARLES YOUNG alone remained after KEMBLE to dispute the palm with KEAN, and he did so, successfully, with the same class of people that patronized KEMBLE—the conservative in art. YOUNG'S excellent personal character stood him in good stead, and more than supplied by lack of the celestial fire that might otherwise have marred his career. YOUNG was an eminently respectable man and a good citizen, while KEAN—well, the less we have to say about him in private the better. He was the leader in a great reformation. Just what Martin Luther was to Religion, Darwin to Anthropology, Newton to Mathematics, Wagner to Music, KEAN was to the Drama. Let him be judged by his works, not by his failings. "Judge every man after his deserts, and who shall have his whipping?"

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE bore a strong resemblance to EDMUND KEAN, both in his style of acting and his habits off the stage, and, we regret to say, on the stage sometimes. Both were men of genius, and both were men of pleasure in that gross sense of the word that means delicious, vicious excitement. He was kidnapped by COOPER, the American tragedian and manager, while intoxicated, and was the first really great English actor who crossed the Atlantic. So utterly improbable did it seem that this light of the London stage would ever shine on New York, that betting was heavy against his appearance; but he did appear, arriving in November, 1810. Prior to the American manager, was so surprised to see him, that he shut the door in his face, and told the servants to tell him that he had come to the wrong house. COOKE first appeared in New York on Nov. 21, 1810, as Richard. He had a brilliant career in this country; but his excesses undermined his constitution, and he died in September, 1812. Dr. Francis, who was the favorite theatrical doctor of the day, took possession of COOKE'S head after the post-mortem examination, which was held "to find out why he died," and by a most strange coincidence it came to pass that Hamlet being on the bills of the Park Theatre, and the property man having forgotten to have a skull ready for Hamlet to moralize over, sent, on the spur of the moment, to Dr. Francis for the loan of one, and the Doctor unwillingly handed him that of GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, the greatest Hamlet of his day. "To what base uses may we come at last!" EDMUND KEAN, on his first visit to New York, went to see the grave of his rival, which is in St. Paul's churchyard. Finding it had no memorial stone, he had one put up at his expense, and, in the moving of the body, abstracted one of the toe bones, which he took back with him to London, and to the day of his own death esteemed it his choicest relic. Mrs. KEAN, however, did not share his enthusiastic veneration, and one night threw it "over the garden wall." KEAN came home drunk, as usual, missed his fetish, and exclaimed tragically: "Mary, your son has lost a fortune. He was worth ten thousand pounds. Now he is a beggar."

MACREADY may be counted as one of the representative actors, inasmuch that he did all that in him lay to excel in his own way, and certainly was not a mere servile imitator of others. He was scholarly, careful and conscientious in all he did; but Nature had denied the gift of genius, so that his scholarship was clogged by pedantry, his carefulness degenerated into fidgeting, and his conscientiousness contracted to intolerance. MACREADY was an excellent manager, a good actor, and nothing more.

JAMES BRITUS BOOTH was another KEAN. Early worsted in the strife for fame and fortune by KEAN'S successful rivalry, BOOTH chose America as the scene of his future efforts. With us, he leaped almost at a bound into the foremost place, and kept such a firm hold on the American public that not all his eccentricities, which were numerous, nor even at the last his failing powers, could oust him from the pinnacle on which he stood as "the American Garrick."

FORREST was a diamond in the rough, an unfinished statue, a dramatic cartoon; but an undoubted original. The style of EDWIN FORREST may have been, indeed was, rough, almost brutal; but, as Rochester says, it was his own. Although he had seen BOOTH act, he followed his manner—not a whit; familiar with the declamatory, KEMBLE-like style of HAMBLIN, he yet imitated him not at all—his big, robustous acting came all from his own big, robustous brain, and suited the time in which he lived and the country in which he dwelt. Were another FORREST to come among us, how he would be stared at as "bad form" and condemned as vulgar. In FORREST'S days the "gods" had not deserted their high Olympian seats in the third sphere, or tier, to toll on the parquet of variety theatres, for variety theatres were then unknown; and their applause was the goal at which actors aimed; to be applauded by the "horny-handed sons of toil," was the crown of an actor's ambition; everyone played to the gallery, simply because the gallery was the easiest moved and the noisiest when moved. Like all representative actors, FORREST was the universal butt of imitators. Every "heavy," "leading," "aye, even utility man, in the wide United States growled in the bottom of their stomach, stood in the true "boy" fashion of protruded knee, expanded chest and drawn-back chin because—FORREST did it. The theatrical landscape was all FORREST and little woods that aspired to grow to forests, as little acorns hope to grow to tall oaks. His personal magnetism was wonderful. No man ever influenced masses of people more than FORREST, as witness that disgraceful episode, the Astor Place riots, in which the personal popularity of the man overpowered all notions of fair play, hospitality or national courtesy, and turned our usually good-humored and well-meaning citizens into raving wild beasts, thirsting for the blood of an innocent man merely because he was displeasing to their idol. MACREADY was nearly murdered and quite elevated into the noble army of martyrs because Mr. FORREST did not like him personally. We are glad to add, for the honor of our advancing civilization, that no actor on the stage could possibly raise such a hullabaloo in our present more decently ordered state of society.

EDWIN BOOTH comes eminently under our heading of Representative Actors in America. He combines the dignity and fire of Garrick, KEAN and the elder Booth with the cultured declamation and statuesque posing of KEMBLE, YOUNG and HAMBLIN. A ripe scholar and a poetic artist, his acting, even when it fails to stimulate, always satisfies; and though the critical spectator may sometimes cavil at a reading or at new business, yet the just judge will always find a reason for it. EDWIN BOOTH never speaks a line nor makes a gesture without intention. He is, above all, an actor of the day, not of tradition; his style is his own, founded upon the canons of the art to be sure, but fashioned by his own brain. The spirit of the present era tends toward the social elevation of actors, especially in this country, and EDWIN BOOTH is a capital example of the actor-gentleman, as distinguished from the lower living actor-bohemian. BOOTH'S greatness to among those whom "the King doth love," and he is the leading light of the advance guard that would bring the stage up to the level of the other liberal professions.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is another of our representative actors. In fact, we may call him the representative character-comedian of the English-speaking stage. His predecessors, Wright, Reeve, Burton, etc., were all more or less imitations, more or less altered, of those of old drama; but JEFFERSON began a new school of that of intellectual comedy. His *Tip Van Winkle* is as standard a specimen of the actor in art as the *Venus de Medici* is of the artist in art. It is a perfect conception of perfectly

Monday's Novelties.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

We have more respect for the world than the world apparently deserves. Possibly it may be that our entangled sorrows here to a certain extent urge us to regard our fellow-man in the kindest light. At all events, from time to time some incidental errors which leads us to believe that the world is largely populated by fools. Whose confidence would not be sadly shaken when the spectacle of Salvini, one of the greatest actors of the day, playing to a beggarly array of empty orchestra stalls at one theatre, and Mrs. Langtry appearing before an audience which is only limited by the capacity of another house presents itself in the Metropolis of these United States to the observer on the same night? *O Tempora!* cried old Cicero centuries ago, and *O Tempora!* cried we Monday evening. If beautiful mediocrity be in such awful demand, why doesn't Forepaugh's Montague leave her Philadelphia beer-saloon to mount the wave of fortune and Edwin Booth retire mournfully to the seclusion of his Newport villa for the rest of his wasted life?

The Fifth Avenue was crowded by our really fashionable people. When the Lily walked off on her stems for the provinces last Fall, we fondly imagined curiosity was fully abated, and the questions of her beauty and her talent both settled in the polite negative. We credited her Autumn patrons with more sense than they actually possessed. Here they were all gathered again, as eager to gaze on the Jersey exotic as they were when she first shed her mild fragrance over Wallack's auditorium. We believe she was announced to play Galatea—but she didn't; for though she has corrected her awkward gait, and walks, and learned to manipulate her diaphragm, and talks, she hasn't yet acquired that more or less useful accomplishment of an actress—the ability to act.

If any evidence is needed to establish this statement beyond the shadow of a doubt, it is found in Tuesday morning's *Herald*, which prints the plot of Gilbert's play—why not the plot of Hamlet, Othello or Richard III., when occasion offers?—and declares that Mrs. Langtry is an artist of the first rank.

Mary Anderson recently gave a charming impersonation of Galatea at the Grand Opera House. In appearance, as in conception, she perfectly embodied the spirit of the character. To view Mrs. Langtry's performance after Mary Anderson's has about the same effect as placing of Falstaff beside the Apothecary. Mary's work is great; Lily's is thin—altogether too thin, in fact. We have not arrived at that stage where we can bow in breathless admiration before a professional beauty and rest content with the absence of endeavor which has the genuine artistic ring. Without the slightest disrespect to anything on two legs, we must firmly assure our readers that we are not by any means prepared to be Gebhardted just yet. It must for the sake of candor be said that the audience was liberal with applause and Mr. Schwab equally liberal with beautiful floral tributes. It is too bad that applause dies echoless and flowers quickly fade.

Frank Cooper was a—well, a nice Pygmalion. Kate Pattison as Cynisca deepened the favorable impression she created when last seen in New York. The rest of the cast, with the single exception of J. G. Taylor, as Chryso, was mediocre. Next week three pieces will be done—The Honeymoon, An Unequal Match and She Stoops to Conquer. Mrs. Langtry appears as Juliana, Hester Grazebrook and Miss Harcastle.

CARRIE SWAIN IN CAD THE TOMBOY.
At Daly's Monday evening Carrie Swain made her first appearance as a star in this city as the heroine of Leonard Grover's play, *Cad the Tomboy*. The piece is full of bustling fun, affording Miss Swain plenty of opportunity to sing her popular songs and display her nimbleness in dancing. There is just enough of a plot to hold the piece together, and the episodes are sufficiently amusing to keep the spectator in a roar of laughter from first to last. It is true the entertainment offers many exposed points to the critic's knife; but when no pretense at literary merit is made and the audience gets more than its money's worth of fun, serious criticism is disarmed. Miss Swain is a romping, dashing, droll, with enough *chic* to satisfy the most exacting observer. She goes through her business cleverly, exhibiting a zest as rare as it is enjoyable. She has quite as much legitimate comedy talent as the majority of actresses in her line, and if she keeps on persevering in her present venture will doubtless achieve an enduring popularity. Murray Woods, Ella Hunt and Hannah Sargent are the most capable members of Miss Swain's support. The house was not as large as it would have been had the weather been propitious.

FORTUNIO AT THE COSMOPOLITAN.
Fortunio, or, The Seven Gifted Servants, a modernization of Planché's ancient extravaganza, originally produced by Mme. Vestris at the Olympic Theatre, London, was given on Monday night at the Cosmopolitan Theatre. The music is by Francis T. S. Darley. The piece was admirably put upon the stage, well sung, and accompanied by an excellent orchestra, full and good. The chorus is efficient, and the dresses magnificent and appropriate. The text is merely the old one vulgarized rather clumsily, and the music is well-written; just such music as a clever amateur might compose. The melodies are pleasant enough; but are old acquaintances, every one, save the chorus in Act II., "The Terrible Dragon," which, strange to say, is original. The finale to Act I. is made out of the Italian air, "Le una donna Mincanto," altered to suit the fashion, like old clothes done up for new. The finale to Act III. is "The British Grenadiers," similarly treated, and in all the concerted music one harmonic form is adhered to most pertinaciously, having the descending seventh coda trick, an old and easy method of coming to a climax, not remarkable for originality. The soil is simply stupid; good enough, perhaps, for Philadelphia, but not for the Metropolis. The conductor is a gem. He is the only man we ever saw who could beat all times alike, reminding one of the facial artist who "showed all the passions incident to humanity with the same face." Whether the tempo is common, triple, 2, or 6, it is all the same to Mr. Rostelli. He beats down, up,

down, up, with both hands, reminding one irresistibly of a kangaroo rampant. Seriously, however, the man is evidently a musician in some homely class-teacher's sense; but as an orchestral director he is simply *nil*.

Everything has been done by the management for Fortunio; very little for the composer, but that little is not badly done. Mr. Darley has not much to say; but he says it nicely, like a good little studious boy who knows his notes and chords by heart and has practised his scales assiduously. Miss Randall sings charmingly, has a good voice, but cannot act. Miss Reiffert acts admirably, but can't sing. Mr. Wetter has a glorious bass voice and sings a most stupid song admirably. Mr. Fitzgerald has no voice, but is funny. Mr. Lithgow James, as the Emperor Matopa, is very effective.

Professional Doings.



R. E. J. Miles, the Director of the Festival, has been actor and manager for twenty-eight years. In the latter capacity his name is especially renowned. At present he runs three theatres—the Grand and Robinson's in Cincinnati and the Bijou in New York. He brought Adah Isaacs Menken before the public during the war; ran for a period the largest circus and menagerie that ever traveled, and from time to time controlled numerous combinations. In the theatrical business he is rated as one of the largest and most solid operators. A good portrait of Mr. Miles appears above this paragraph.

An early-closing movement seems to have set in.

Annie Ward Tiffany will summer at Stroudsburg, Pa.

A Sunday train for Boston will hereafter leave this city at 4 P. M.

Bertha Welby closes *One Woman's Life* in Jersey City this week.

Louis Zwiler, of Booth's Theatre, is seriously ill with erysipelas.

Mart Hanley's Squat. Sov. menagerie will leave for Europe June 20.

Bertha Lieb, Frank Mayo's leading lady, is at liberty for next season.

Salvini has engaged a stateroom on the *Labrador*, which sails May 2.

Lillian Russell's contract with John McCaull has been extended to June 9.

Alf Burnett's Tea Party close a forty weeks' season at Cincinnati on Saturday.

John Gourlay and Helen Dingee have been engaged for the Vokes' English tour.

Margaret Mather appears as Juliet, Leah and Rosalind at the Brooklyn Park next week.

Orlando Drayton, primo tenore, up in all the principal operas, is at present disengaged.

Josh Ogden has grown so stout that his watch-chain now reaches but twice 'round him.

Aldrich and Parsloe close the season of '82-'83 at the Grand Opera House on Saturday night.

Fred McCloy, Stetson's private secretary, will be in the office of the St. James Hotel next season.

J. C. Kenny, late musical director of the Nobles company, goes with Annie Pixley next season.

Gustave Frohman arrived yesterday from the West. He will remain in New York for some time.

Ground was broken for a new Opera House at Anderson, Ind., on Saturday. It is to cost \$40,000.

Milton Nobles closed a season of thirty-three weeks at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, on Saturday.

Alonso Schwartz does not go with Milton Nobles next season, and Max Fehrman will probably take his place.

John Howson has engaged Elma Delaro for his Boston comic opera season. The company are now all engaged.

The proprietor of the Opera House at Goodspeed's Landing, Ct., wants attractions for May 15 and June 15.

B. F. Horning, juvenile lead, is looking for an engagement, as is also Edward N. Hoyt, heavies and juveniles.

D. G. Longworth, who has made a pronounced hit in *One of the Finest*, does not go with Gus Williams next season.

Rogers' Sweetheart close the season at Syracuse on Saturday night. Syracuse is the salt centre of the United States.

The Opera House at Fremont, O., will be opened but one night a week next season, and then to first-class attractions only.

A streak of bad business has struck various Uncle Tom companies throughout the country, and one by one they're dropping out.

The Kendalls will close their season about July 4. They will reopen the following month. The season has been very successful.

Captain Comer's leasehold of the St. James Hotel will not in any way interfere with his management of John McCaull.

Anson Pond's Her Atoneement will be played at Niblo's on May 21. In Chicago, the receipts last week totaled up nearly \$5,000.

Companies traveling west of the Mississippi and on toward the Pacific Coast have found hotel rates materially increased this season.

Johnny Williams, of San Francisco, does not wish to be confounded with the John Williams arrested at the recent hotel fire in Ansonia, Ct.

started out without exaggeration, without blarney. His *Bob Acres* is as excellent in its way as is the *Othello* of Salvini; that is to say, it is, for the time, *Bob Acres* in bodily presence on the stage and not his edolon, or counterfeit presentation.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, the pupil and successor of Forrest, set off so many points of individuality that we may class him as a representative man in a particular line of art. His noble face and figure give him such a pre-eminence in Roman characters that we may designate him as the representative of classical tragedy at the present time. He also is markedly an actor-gentleman, whose private life and social esteem stamp him as one of those men whose talent and conduct have made for them a place in society as well as a niche in the temple of fame. The same may be said of his friendly rival and former associate, LAWRENCE BARRETT, who, in certain parts, such as *Caesar*, has no equal.

There are many other men of undoubted genius whom we might well have quoted if we had not been restrained by space and the limitation of our essay, which is to pick out, to the best of our poor judgment, those who, we think, have turned in a measure the tide of dramatic progress and impressed their own individuality on the art. Those who followed in their wake, although perhaps equal, nay, even superior, as exponents, have no claim to the title of "makers"—they are the professors, not the founders, of a school. There have been many and great mathematicians since Newton; but he wrote the "Principia," he discovered the law of gravity, and he is immortal. So there have been many actors eminent in their art; but Garrick discovered Nature, and he is immortal.

The Managers of the Festival.

Following are the names of the Festival Board and Committees, which we publish as a matter of record:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

OFFICERS.—Gen. Edward F. Noyes, President; John Simpkinson, Vice-President; Robert F. Leaman, Treasurer; O. O. Hall, Secretary; R. E. J. Miles, Dramatic Director; Theodore Cook, Henry Mack, Albert H. Mitchell, John Carlisle, W. A. Stevens, John W. Harper, A. G. Corne, M. E. Ingalls, Thomas Madlax, Fred. H. Alms, Frank Alter, H. Duhamel, T. W. Zimmerman, A. Goldsmith, N. Drucker.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Gen. Edward F. Noyes, John Simpkinson, O. O. Hall, Robert F. Leaman, R. E. J. Miles, Albert H. Mitchell, Fred. H. Alms, Jos. L. Anderson.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.—Albert H. Mitchell, Frank Alter, Fred. H. Alms, John W. Harper, W. A. Stevens.

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND ADVERTISING.—O. O. Hall, Albert H. Mitchell, E. H. Huntington, Ambrose White, W. A. Stevens, H. W. Woodruff.

COMMITTEE ON RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.—John Simpkinson, Theodore Cook, M. E. Ingalls, W. Peabody, C. C. Waite, A. E. Buckhardt, Brent Arnold, Albert Nester, D. Edwards, Daniel Holmes, Ralph Peters, J. H. Stewart, G. B. Kerper, B. J. Bachmann.

COMMITTEE ON GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Jos. L. Anderson, Chairman, consists of several sub-committees. They are:

COMMITTEE ON STAGE AND PROPERTIES.—J. Wayne Nell, A. W. Whippley, Nath. Henchman Davis, Elliott H. Henderson, Jr., Holden Davis, Joseph W. Miller, Wm. C. Compton, G. W. Carlisle, F. B. Sempie, C. C. Henge, C. C. Cook.

COMMITTEE ON HALL AND SALE OF SEATS.—S. A. Whitfield, J. B. Taylor, Perin Langdon, S. R. Burton, E. A. Holden, Jr., Jas. W. Bullock, W. H. Williamson, N. Drucker.

COMMITTEE ON ADMISSION AND SEATING AUDIENCE.—Chas. L. Howe, Jos. W. Whitfield, Wm. F. Webb, Frank D. Goodhue, Sam. W. Skinner, Jas. McDonald, Edward F. Bradford, Harry W. Kinney, C. F. Bragg, J. J. McDowell, Sam. McKeethan.

COMMITTEE ON PERFORMERS.—Henry Mack, A. H. Mattor, W. H. Stewart, E. W. Stimson, E. H. Harrison, G. W. Finn.

The Costumes.

The largest New York costuming house has prepared all the costumes (except for the principals) and properties for the Festival. The models for these costumes and all the properties are made from the originals in the British Museum and in the Louvre at Paris, and are the finest ever put on a stage. There will be 1,600 dresses in all, divided into 500 for Julius Caesar, 200 for *Much Ado About Nothing*, 200 for *Romeo and Juliet*, 200 for *Othello*, 200 for *The Hunchback*, and 300 for *Hamlet*. In *Julius Caesar* there are 40 dresses for senators, 200 for soldiers, 32 for lictors, 100 for citizens, 40 for women, 20 for children, besides about 70 for virgins, axe-bearers, goat-boys and tribunes. The cost of the dresses and properties is just \$25,000.

A Permanent Institution.

It is already contemplated by the Directors to make the Dramatic Festival a permanent institution, giving annual or biennial performances, as may be deemed most advisable. In this undertaking the citizens of Cincinnati would largely profit, as a periodical boom would be given to local business affairs. Commercial buyers and retail shoppers from out-of-town would embrace the opportunity of attending the performances and making their purchases at the same time. The project, it seems to us, cannot fail of complete success if it be carried out on the same magnificent scale as the occasion we are celebrating.

From a theatrical standpoint, the regular recurrence of the Festival would place the Queen City easily at the head of every other town in the country. The privilege of enjoying the greatest plays acted by the most famous actors and staged with the strictest regard to accuracy, is one which cannot be overestimated. Indeed, no series of productions, so perfect in execution, have ever taken place, and we do not except the representations given abroad by the celebrated *Macbeth* troupe. Indeed, aside from the lavish expenditure upon scenery, dresses and properties, the concentration of the most renowned actors in their several lines which this generation has developed in one troupe is sufficient to insure dramatic triumphs.

Should the permanent plan be carried through, no doubt there is no reason why it should not be the list of Shakespeare's plays, including those not usually acted, could be represented in rotation. This would attract thousands of actors of the Shakespearean drama from the most distant points. We are happy to say that indications of a fulfillment of the scheme are present abundant.

Amy Lee has signed with John F. Lucie's comedy company for next season. She will play in the parts now filled by Lisetta Elmi.

Bob Mack, the famous "Toaster" man, now with Callender's Minstrels, is far gone with consumption and at times cannot do his act.

M. B. Leavitt has engaged Louise Searle and Nellie Larkelle with Fred Turner and wife, of the Wilbur Opera company, to go to England with his Evangeline company.

Manager Crawford, of Topeka, Kansas, has made arrangements with the manager at Kansas City so that either can book attractions for Atchison, Topeka, Leavenworth and Kansas City.

T. W. Keene gave a matinee benefit for the Actors' Fund in Kansas City last week. About \$500 was netted. The Hanlons played to \$50 for the same object in Rochester last Wednesday.

The Australian Circus continues to do a large business. A change of programme is made weekly. On May 15 the circus will take the road under the management of John E. Healey.

F. F. Mackay is now devoting his time to teaching elocution and training amateurs for the stage. There are no better elocutionists on or off the stage than he, and he will not doubt be successful in his—to some extent—new field.

Brush & Co., lay wood carpet for from twenty cents a square foot upward, and pay special attention to parquet or ornamental in-laid floors, hardwoods, etc. Their office for the display of specimens is at No. 7 West Fourteenth street.

The job printing establishment of the Brooklyn Times does the finest work at the lowest prices. Managers in giving out their contracts for next season will do well to examine the inducements of this reliable house.

Manager Morris, of the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, has closed a contract with Mr. Daly for the production of 7-20-8 next season. It is provided by the contract that the play shall not be produced at any other theatre in Brooklyn until it is seen at the Grand.

Ditson & Co. have published "Minstrel Songs, Old and New," and the book, which contains one hundred choice melodies, has caught the popular fancy. The *Musical Favorite*, another of this firm's publications, contains selections from thirty-eight well-known European composers.

Milton Nobles will open his tenth season in New York City early in September. His company is engaged and time nearly all filled. Mr. Nobles and his wife, Dollie Nobles, will spend the Summer at their handsome residence, 139 First Place, Brooklyn, and make occasional trips to the seaside and mountain resorts.

Charles Atkinson, with his Jollities company, will sail for Europe May 15. The party will include Frank Daniels, Jennie Yeamans, Lillie Bates, Alexander Bell, Charles Allison and Edward Moran. They will open at the Princess Theatre, Manchester, on the 28th; will then follow very closely the route taken by Fun on the Bristol, and are engaged to play at the Avenue Theatre in London, beginning August 28.

Theatrical speculators would like to lease the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and as high as \$50,000 a year has been offered for it. The board of directors are a sleepy lot of wealthy fossils, and no terms can be made with them. Younger blood in the board would dispel the gloom that surrounds the edifice during the greater part of the amusement season.

We wish to call the attention of our readers, one and all, to the fine quality and finish of the paper on which this issue is printed. It was specially manufactured for the Festival editions by Wilkinson Brothers & Company, of Duane street, whose mills also supply the stock which is regularly used for THE MIRROR. The manufacturers deserve this voluntary mention, and that is why we give it to them.

Spyer and Lipshut, proprietors of Spyer's Diamond Parlor, St. Louis, are the only firm in the United States dealing exclusively in diamonds. They include among their patrons the leading members of the profession, and indeed make a specialty of professional trade. Professionals tarrying in the Mound City, especially the ladies, are always anxious to visit the Diamond Parlor, if only to inspect the precious gems therein displayed.

Brooks and Dickson's attractions for next season will be more numerous than heretofore. The *Romany Rye*, which has been a goldmine, will be continued by one company composed of sterling actors. John T. Raymond will, under their direction, play his three comedy successes. Effie Ellsler will star for them in a new drama written especially to suit her talents. A Soldier's Wife, George R. Sims' new play, will be produced by the firm at a New York theatre. The Spectacle which Joseph Brooks has gone to Paris to secure completes the list of road attractions. Brooks and Dickson will have a good foothold here in the management of the Standard, and will, as heretofore, control Leubries' Theatre in Memphis—the key to the Southern circuit. With so many good irons in the fire, they will probably make another fortune next season.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

MR. A. M. PALMER, Proprietor and Manager.

LAST WEEK.

CHARLES WYNDHAM

and his London company, who will appear in Bronson Howard's comedy.

BRIGHTON.

SATURDAY—LAST MATINEE OF BRIGHTON.

Tuesday Evening, May 1: Charles Wyndham and his company in

THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE.

THEATRE COMIQUE.

HARRIGAN & HART, 728 and 730 Broadway.

JOHN E. CANNON, Proprietor and Manager.

HARRIGAN & HART, in Mr. Edward Harrigan's new and original local play,

entitled

THE MUDDY DAY.

New and original music by Dave Ibrahim.

Matinees Tuesday and Friday. Prices as usual.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

MR. JOHN STURGEON, Lessee and Manager.

LAST 21 PERFORMANCES OF

TOMMASO SALVINI and CLARA MORRIS.

Friday evening and Saturday matinee.

THE OUTLAW.

Saturday Night SALVINI'S Farewell to America, and his last appearance in this country.

OTHELLO.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
43rd and Broadway.
Manager
DANIEL FROTHMAN.
Every evening at 8 o'clock. Saturday matinees at 2.

GREAT AUSTRALIAN CIRCUS.

BIG INDIAN WIGWAM, 15th St. and B'way.

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY, 2:30 and 8.

LARGEST AND BEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Best Equestrians, Gymnasts and Jugglers.

Funniest Clowns! Newest Attractions!

Riding Thief! Indian Riders!

GRAND CIRCUS!

Admission, 10c., 25c., 50c.

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE.

Broadway and 29th St.

EVERY EVENING AND WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

The funniest stage picture ever witnessed.

Prices as usual. Seats secured.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE.

14th Street.

Every Evening and Saturday Matinee.

THE GREAT NEW YORK SUCCESS,

VIM. VIM. VIM.

NEIL BURGESS.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

H. M. PITT, Lessee and Manager.

THE H. M. PITT COMEDY COMPANY

inaugurated on

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1883.

at the above theatre, a season of twelve weeks with

Robertson's

CASTE. CASTE. CASTE.

The different characters of which are intrusted to Elton

Plympton, William Davidge, Felix Morris, H. M.

Pitt, Selina Dolero, Fanny Addison, Emily Jordan,

Chamberlain, etc.

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14th street and 6th Ave.

J. H. HAVERLY, Manager and Proprietor.

THIS WEEK.

The most brilliant of dramatic successes, the

KIRALFY BROTHERS'

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

With a large and magnificent Ballet Troupe, including

Mlle. De Rosa and Mlle. Cappellini and over 100

young lady dancers.

INTRODUCING THE LIVE ELEPHANT

"BAMBOO."

MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS

AT 2.

THE CASINO.

Broadway and 30th street.

50 CENTS ADMISSION 50 CENTS.

Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$2, \$5, \$10.

"America's handsomest place of amusement."

McCAULL COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

THE SORCERER.

Chorus of 60 Voices. Orchestra, 35 Musicians.

Seats secured ten days in advance.

In preparation, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager MR. HENRY E. ARDREY

ONE WEEK ONLY.

NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1827 BY G. F. MORRIS AND A. J. WELLS.

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

Published every Thursday at No. 12 Union Square, by THE MIRROR NEWS-PAPER COMPANY, Proprietors.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, Editor.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1883.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Atherton, Miss Grace	Merville, Lina
Ayer, Harry L.	Mackey, Jno.
Booth, Edwin, Manager of	Montford, Prof. Frank
Blake, Russell Charles	Moore, Miss Georgia
Berry, W. S.	McWade, Robt.
Barrows, J. O.	Movory, Harry A.
Barrymore, Maurice	McDonough, T. V.
Bride, J. E.	Murella, Edith
Berger, F. G. (a)	Miller, Les.
Braham, Harry	McKinney, J. W.
Carson, Emma	Morton, W. H.
Crozier, F. A.	Malone, Mrs. J. F.
Comstock, A. C.	Owens, J. W.
Clarke, Eugene	O'Neill, Mrs. Amelia
Childs, Nat (a)	O'Neill, Mrs. Kitta
Colton, Harry	Pulifer, Chauncey
Caufman, Alex.	Phelps, A. K.
Carleton, W.	Pindell, W. H.
Chapman, Amy	Poir, Lily
Callan, Joe	Paine, Adele (a)
Chavoe, T. P.	Priest, Lizie
Curtis, M. B.	Padden, G. E.
Claison, Laura	Quimby, E. S.
Coburn, S. C.	Robson, S.
Clayburn, Mr.	Rickaby, John
Duffy, Will J.	Renard, Kachel
Dalby, Fred	Rosa, Willis
De Vernon, Frank (tele.)	St. Quinten, Miss (a)
Durant, J. H.	Shattuck, Lillian B.
Douglas, Annie	Schwab, F. A.
De Belleville, Mme. Elly	Stockton, Ella
Dickson, R. G. (a)	Strang, W. B.
Eichberg Quartet Concert	Shiner, N. H.
Co.	St. Aubyn, Mr. C.
Ellison, Clara	Stark, F. E.
Follin, Alfred	Scammon, A. Q. (a)
Grau, Robert	Sturges, James
Gaulford, D. C.	Suydam, Eugene L.
Guinness, Chas. M. (a)	Schaefer, C. G.
Guy, Geo., Sr.	Stroffen, F. D.
Goodwin, Nat	Taylor, H. P.
Hicks, L. P.	Thompson, Denman
Halley, Richard	Thatcher, Primrose & West
Hayden, W. R.	Thompson, Charlotte
Howitt, Belle	Tillotson, J. K. (a)
Harrison, Louis (a)	Trimble, Miss
Joslin, Alvin	Victor, Lester
J. K. Emmet's Fritz comb.	Van Orsten, Robert
Kayne, Mrs. E. W.	Valentine, O. N.
Kilday, Mr. Frank	West, Chas.
Kendall, Ed.	Woodhull, H. S.
Kiraly, L.	Worey, Rose
Keene, T. W.	Ward, F. B. (a)
La Pierre, Freddie (a)	Wingfield, John
Laer, Frederick	Wilson, Francis
Legion of Honor	Washbourne, Mr.
Morris, Frank	Waldron, A.
Morrison, Lewis (a)	

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Salutatory.

It has seemed to THE MIRROR that the present almost unparalleled occasion in theatrical history calls for more than the mere ordinary exertion necessary to make this paper hold its own place steadily at the head of dramatic journalism. It has therefore been judged appropriate to devote an especial number to the fitting illustration of the Festival and all things connected with it. To this end a number of original essays upon the player's art and literature have been contributed by writers equal to the task and well known to fame occasional articles having reference to things theatrical, anecdotes, criticisms, and dissertations on the plays which are on the bills of the Festival. And THE MIRROR pledges itself to give a perfect image of the subject in view, neither enlarged nor diminished, neither concave nor convex; but on a plain, well-polished surface, and with reflections achromatic and in just proportion. The player's chief aim is "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature." It shall be ours, on this occasion, so memorable in our dramatic annals, to hold THE MIRROR up to Art.

A Grand Achievement.

Had the projectors of the Dramatic Festival announced their intention of carrying out a similar enterprise five years ago they would have met, in all probability, with laughter and derision. Indeed, the plan would have been utterly impracticable at that time, for there was then a widespread apathy toward Shakespearean productions. The organizers of the mammoth affair chose a period for putting the splendid scheme into execution when all things were ripe for it. Their wisdom in this respect is only equal to their reliance on the newly awakened interest on the part of the public in all things appertaining to the grandest purposes of the theatre. We cannot help admiring the courage with which the citizens and merchants of Cincinnati have forward and guaranteed a large sum of money to provide against possible failure. This substantial *esprit de corps* was but another evidence of the true character of the people of this city, who are always quick to recognize the claims of art in all its departments, and to generously aid any project which leads to beneficial artistic results. Their hearty co-operation in seven

gigantic musical jubilees not only met with its just pecuniary reward, but set an example to every city in the Union which fosters the intellectual influence of art-progress. Happily, in the present case the guarantee fund will not be treasured up, as the financial success of the dramatic performances is assured.

The impetus which the representations in Music Hall will give to the drama generally is foreseen to be of the utmost value. The player's art can no longer be wantonly covered with the obloquy of which it was formerly the recipient. The necessity of the Drama as a social institution is admitted by all people who are sufficiently broad-minded to grasp the import of questions affecting the general weal. Next to Religion, it is, correlative with Music, inseparable from the happiness of mankind. There is more good to be derived from a theatrical performance than the intellectual treat or mirthful entertainment which it affords. The ablest medical authorities unite in saying that it is a positive preventive of disease. This is not hard to believe when we note the refreshing influence of an evening at the play-house upon a man whose day is passed in an exhausting turmoil of business. Relaxation is essential to the preservation of physical health; and where can more perfect relaxation be found than in the theatre? Not the most absorbing work of fiction, not the most celestial strains of music, can furnish the same amount of unadulterated pleasure as a fine play well acted.

Gradually the people have come to consider the Drama in its true light and its votaries as the professors of the greatest of all arts. It is no longer a disgrace to be an actor—it is an honor. When you hear a fellow-creature calling the theatre a place of corruption and the men and women of the stage a horde of infamous and vicious vagabonds, you may safely conclude that that fellow-creature is neither more nor less than a fossil—a relic of the past that merits the attention of scientists and seekers of curiosities. All that dramatic artists need to fix their status beyond the reach of shallow and vulgar criticism is public recognition, such as is extended by this Festival.

Such a collection of players for the interpretation of the finest plays in the English language has never been assembled hitherto. Such vast preparation in the matter of the scenic adjuncts of these plays was never before contemplated. The pomp and circumstance of the ancient Orientals did not compare with the rich pageantry attendant upon the productions at this Festival. All that that potent factor, wealth, guided by taste and intellect, could do has been done. The result we confidently believe will be the grandest artistic achievement in the whole history of the stage.

The Appetite for Scandal.

This world is given to gossip. There is a fascination about one's neighbor's affairs that our own lack woefully, and the man that made his fortune by minding his own business has retired from active life. News has degenerated into personalities, and didactic essays have merged into terse, rugged assertions and spicy paragraphs. A writer may exhaust his learning and weary his brain to produce an original and instructive article, and may, in return for his pains, find that a column of scandal "catches on" to the public taste and is talked about at church and market, while his labored essay is either not read at all or forgotten as soon as read.

Especially in dramatic matters is this true. There is a rabid desire to know all about the private affairs of actors and "the story of their lives from year to year" that possesses the public ear to the exclusion of riper matter. The doings of an English woman of society turned actress, per force, absorbs the attention of a whole continent and crowds the pages of important journals. Whole reams of printed paper are greedily perused by multitudes eager to learn how Mrs. Spangles has followed her volatile but, fascinating spouse across the waste of waters and caught him in *flagrant delicto* courting another, forgetful of the "woman that owns him," or how Mr. Romeo Footleyte has discovered his fair but frail partner in the act of eloping with his friend and manager, Mr. Cressus Vampyre, who has promised to purchase a brand-new play, furnish miles of "wall work" and stacks of "window work" of the most gorgeous and elaborate designs, and "put up" the starring tour of Mrs. Footleyte in the most lavish manner. There is more flavor in such paragraphs than in dry dissertations about the meaning of disputed passages in Shakespeare, or the manner of Mrs. Siddons as compared with that of Clara Morris, and the writer who panders

to this prurient taste stands a greater chance of popularity than he who racks his brain for original subjects or studies to draw the stream of thought clear and pure from "the well of English undefiled."

Nevertheless, it is the bounden duty of all who can write to do what in them lies to counteract this morbid craving after what should be left unnoticed—for the more you stir up an unclean thing the more it offends the nose—and to provide wholesome food in place of the high-spiced messes offered to the hungry guests at the daily ordinary of the press.

The Legitimate Renaissance.

It is encouraging to note the extensive preparations which are being made for the presentation of legitimate plays next season. The sterling works of the greatest dramatists will be performed by a larger number of stars than have hitherto devoted their attention to this lofty branch of dramatic literature. When Forrest, the elder Booth and the other tragic actors of that era passed away, the legitimate drama languished for several years. This resulted from the decadence of public taste, which in turn resulted from the inability of the players then figuring on the boards to act it in a manner that could compare with the ideals left by the departed. As the demand for classic acting decreased, in a proportionate degree did the rage for trash increase. The play-house was given over to the mawkish pathos of the hot-bed society drama and the pink-clad legs of burlesque and spectacle. Hamlet and Othello were banished from the theatre, while Sindbad the Sailor and The Black Crook were admitted to the utmost favor. Even the splendid old comedies which formerly held their own were relegated to obscurity and their places taken by asinine drivel which passed for humorous composition. In brief, the pure, the good and the true in art was shunned for that which was vulgar, gross and false.

This meretricious condition of affairs of course could not last. The better instincts of play-goers finally revolted against the wholesale prostitution of public amusements. The reaction came, and it came with unquestionable force. The need of a thorough reformation of the whole plan of theatrical entertainment was realized. Dramatic managers—who always grasp the public's pulse and note with professional exactness its every fluctuation—were not slow to discover the bent of their patrons, and accordingly, with the astuteness which is their bread-and-butter attribute, altered the character of their attractions so as to conform with the prevailing demand for improvement. As mariners during a calm spread the ship's sails to catch the first breath of a wind that they detect coming from a distance, so did the managers clear the decks, right the helm and unfurl the canvas in order to profit by the popular breeze. Gradually the sway of the legitimate drama was restored to its former supremacy and the rank growth which had displaced it overcome to such an extent that it threatened the life of the theatre no more. Following the lead of one or two brave spirits who had through thick and thin clung to that which was excellent and steadfastly renounced the temptations of all that was bad, new tragedians arose and went forth to win laurels where honors are highest yet most dearly bought. Their success encouraged others to try the same tactics, and the renaissance of the standard drama in America was complete when the Dramatic Festival became a certainty.

Shakespeare will have more illustrators next season than ever before in the history of our stage. First and foremost is Edwin Booth, fresh from foreign triumphs, which every lover of art in this country who has a spark of patriotism in his bosom must appreciate to the plentitude of their worth. This great actor, who is universally admitted to be our representative tragedian, will begin his tour not until several months of the regular season have passed. It will extend to all the larger cities. John McCullough, the lusty wearer of Forrest's mantle, surrounded by his admirable troupe, will, as usual, give his robust impersonations in various sections of the country. Lawrence Barrett, who as a Shakespearean actor bears an unrivalled reputation in the small towns, will carry the noble banner into territory which he alone penetrates. Frederick Warde, who only recently began to twinkle among the stars, will revisit the places wherein he has already left an enviable impression. Warde is one of the youngest and newest of our tragedians; but youth is really an advantage and the newness is hid beneath the veteran surface which long experience in stock companies has put upon his acting. T. W. Keene is another acquisition of recent date to the stellar ranks. In his wide

repertoire he has attained distinction which will reap a bounteous reward in the future. Indeed, remarkable as it may appear, Keene has been a pecuniary as well as an artistic success from the start. Excellent discrimination and praiseworthy tact have been manifested in the manipulation of his professional affairs by the gentleman who undertakes his management. That sterling actor, Frank Mayo, whose talents are by no means confined to the familiar impersonation of the simple backwoodsman, Davy Crockett, will again revert experimentally to the Shakespearean plays. One of the most important events of the interesting programme for 1883-84 is the return to active duty of that ripe scholar and admirable actor, George Edgar. This gentleman, by arrangement with a syndicate of substantial capitalists, will traverse the country in those roles of which he has made a life-long study. He will be surrounded by a strong company, including Sara Jewett, who makes her debut in Shakespeare, and attended with all the scenic and other accessories which wealth can provide.

Although England charms Mary Anderson away from us for one season at least, she leaves a formidable array of fair actresses behind to give life to the heroines of Sweet Will's imagination. Mr. Hill's new star, Margaret Mather, has enjoyed one series of triumphs this, her first year on the boards. Next season she will extend her repertoire, adding several standard parts to those in which she has already been seen. Mile, Rhea, the charming foreigner, under the direction of one of our skillfullest managers, will include certain legitimate characters in her list of impersonations. The Polish actress, Modjeska, will play Rosalind and Viola in alternation with her pieces translated from the French. In the realms of pure old-fashioned comedy Joseph Jefferson and N. C. Goodwin will have the field to themselves, unless John S. Clarke should decide to leave his adopted England for a period and enter the lists too, which is among the possibilities.

Every true friend of an enduring and ennobling drama should rejoice in this plethora of legitimate attractions. On such material, it has truly been said, the permanency of the stage depends. The dramatic season of 1883-4, from the abundant evidence at hand, is likely to be both brilliant and memorable.

Personal.



WINTER.—This is a portrait of William Winter who represents the *Tribune* in Cincinnati during the Festival.

CHASE.—Manager Arthur B. Chase was in town on Sunday and Monday.

SEDEWICK.—Helen Sedgwick is on her way East from San Francisco.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport is still detained in New York by the illness of her brother Edgar.

DOLLY.—Selina Dolaro's success as Polly, in Caste, at the Bijou, is most gratifying. She plays the part to perfection.

PRESCOTT.—Marie Prescott will remain in New York until the beginning of her preliminary starting tour next month.

THOMPSON.—Minette Thompson has resigned from the Harrisons company and returned to her home in Washington.

WARDE.—Fred Warde has resumed his business relations with the K. of P.'s in the West and is having another boom.

WARNER.—John E. Warner has been re-engaged by Brooks and Dickson as their general traveling manager next season.

SMALL.—Frank A. Small has been engaged by Maze Edwards as agent of George Edgar's Shakespearean company next season.

GILBERT.—W. S. Gilbert has written a life of himself for a London magazine which is equally remarkable for cleverness and egotism.

WEBB.—Harriet Webb, the well-known elocutionist, has removed to 360 West Twenty-third street—one block beyond her late residence.

BROWN.—Sedley Brown closes with Aldrich and Parsloe this week. Monday next he plays a part in Gunter's *Courage*, which will be done at Knowles and Morris' theatre in Brooklyn.

MACKAYE.—Steele Mackaye has accepted the position of stage director with George Edgar. He will also play leading parts.

MODJESKA.—The Polish actress next season will star under her husband's management. Fred Stinson will look after the business details.

BELGARDE.—Adele Belgarde has been engaged by Bartley Campbell for next season. She will play Sara in one of his Siberia companies.

SMALL.—Frank A. Small left for Cincinnati last Sunday night to look after the interests of the Cincinnati edition of THE MIRROR's Dramatic Festival Number.

VILLAS.—The Villas close their successful season at Chicago next week. The family go then to their home at Ridgewood, Bergen County, New Jersey, for the Summer.

RICE.—Col. J. H. Rice, who has for twelve years been in advance of the Villa combination, has gone to the Springs at Colfax, Ia. He has had a paralytic stroke.

VAUX.—Downing Vaux, the fiancé of Edwin Booth's daughter, is at Kingston, where, with plenty of exercise and recreation, he is rapidly recovering his former health.

ALDRICH.—The reports that Louis Aldrich will star in any other play than *My Partner* for a year or so at least are false. He says the mine is by no means exhausted.

MORSE.—Salmi Morse has decided to produce one of his comedies at Passion Hall. The P. P. has been abandoned. The date of opening will probably be Monday week.

EDGAR.—George Edgar leaves on Sunday for Cincinnati to attend the Dramatic Festival. He opens his season August 13, at Hookey's Theatre, Chicago, with *King Lear*.

SPENCER.—Lillian Spencer played a very successful engagement at her home in Pittsburgh. She rests this week among her kinsfolk in the Smoky City, and reopens in Cleveland 30th.

MARRIED.—F. M. Cottrill and Bessie Clarke, of a Madison Square Hazel Kirke company, were married the other day in Chicago. The presents were numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Cottrill will settle down in New York for the future.

CAMPBELL.—Bartley Campbell sailed Tuesday on the *Arizona* for England. A large party of friends saw him off. On Sunday night a dinner was given him at the Stuyvesant Club by twelve gentlemen. Joaquin Miller and Louis Aldrich were present.

PHOTO.—Sensible people in the provinces complain of the insufferable bore they are subjected to in having pictures of the star shoved at them between the acts at Lotta's performances. It smacks of circus and gift-show business.

BUCKLEY.—Gen. James Buckley and Colonel Skinner have been dispatching hosts of people over the Erie road to Cincinnati. The route is longer than the other; but it is safe and pleasant, and a few extra hours, more or less, are not tedious on the Erie line.

BYRNE.—Bessie Byrne has been starring in *Led Astray*. A cold has obliged her to rest at her home in town for a few days. In a fortnight she fulfils engagements in Brooklyn and Jersey City. The press, wherever Miss Byrne has acted *Amande*, speak favorably of the performance.

COLEMAN.—J. J. Coleman called at THE MIRROR office to correct a misstatement, which appeared in the last issue, in regard to his play, *Si Slocum*. He says that he rents the piece from Frank Frayne, and does not announce the latter as with the company. Mr. Coleman's printing corroborates his statements.

BOOTH.—The work of demolishing the interior of Booth's Theatre will shortly begin. Mr. Fish, the purchaser, has under consideration a number of offers from prominent New York dry-goods men. The rent asked is high; but as the location is unrivalled for business purposes there will be no difficulty in securing a tenant who will pay it.

PAULDING.—Frederick Paulding, who has been idle the greater part of the season, replaced young Salvini a few nights ago as Margaret Mather's leading support, and has made a hit as Romeo, receiving excellent press notices and invariably being honored with a call at the close of the third act of the play. He has not signed for next season.

MILES.—The alterations at the Bijou Opera House will be begun by Mr. Miles at the conclusion of H. M. Pitt's comedy season, ten weeks hence. They will be so extensive as to necessitate the employment of a large force of workmen in order to complete them by the Fall. The house will be entirely rebuilt and both interior and exterior completely changed.

TISSINGTON.—The annual benefit of Henry Tissington, the leader at the Union Square Theatre, takes place on May 3. Charles Wyndham's company, Richard Mansfield, the McCaull Opera company, Osmond Tearle, S. G. Kapp, Bessie Byrne, Louis St. Clare and Salisbury's Troubadours have volunteered. The programme will be long and strong, and Mr. Tissington, who has many friends in and out of the profession, may expect a large house.

WATKINS.—Harry Watkins had a miraculous escape last Thursday. He was knocked down and run over by an express wagon driven by a reckless driver; but fortunately, except for slight bruises on the leg and hand, escaped injury. This is the second time Mr. Watkins has been run over. He thinks, as he has during his life been stabbed twice, shot once and poisoned once, that the worst of death that lies in store for him is being

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mead him who can't. The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Edwin Booth embarks for New York from Liverpool June 16, on the Cunarder *Scythia*. His Newport villa is finished and he will go thence, shortly after his arrival, for the Summer. Although it is quite definitely settled that Mr. Booth will act during the latter part of next season, no arrangements have been made for his appearance. It is a pity that our great tragedian is not in the field when Irving and his Lyceum company put in an appearance. However, Booth has little to fear, for it's probable that the English actor's personal success will not be so great as that of his stage-management, scenery and well-trained associates.

Not long ago Joseph Jefferson, while in a Southern city, entered a bank to get a cheque cashed. Not knowing him or his signature, the teller refused to pay over the amount.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the comedian, "I am Joseph Jefferson, the actor."

"I have no means of knowing that," replied the bank official. "Can you not bring somebody to identify you?"

"That trouble is scarcely necessary," returned Jefferson. "You can surely take my word for it."

"If my dog Schneider was here he would know me," exclaimed the actor. The accent and manner in which these words were said rendered mistake impossible. The teller had seen Rip Van Winkle and he cashed the cheque forthwith.

Harry Watkins rescued a bound book of playbills from the flames that devoured the old Park Theatre in '48. One of these he showed me the other day. It was circulated on the first night of *Fortunio*—now being revived at the Cosmopolitan—and bears the date April 16, 1844. Of the people who participated in the production, but two are now living, Mrs. John Drew, then Mrs. H. Hunt, and her sister, Georgina Kinlock. On the same evening *Fortunio* was presented, the elder Booth appeared as Sir Giles Overreach, in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

A Providence gentleman sends me a copy of last Sunday's issue of the *Telegram*, published in that city, and calls my attention to sixteen paragraphs in the dramatic column which are copied from THE MIRROR without credit. My informant explains that many readers of this paper in Providence are incensed at this wholesale appropriation. I trust that, like the *Chicago Herald*, the *Telegram* will need not more than one hint as to what it ought to do when it garners from these pages.

Maggie Moore was a singer and dancer in variety theatres in San Francisco. Her mother, a saucy, old, Irishwoman, Sullivan by name, was greatly opposed to her daughter's dramatic aspirations. Maggie, after many efforts and frequent disappointments, at last got an engagement as singing chambermaid at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. Overjoyed at her promotion she rushed home. "Oh mother, mother! what do you think, I am engaged as chambermaid at the theatre," cried she exultantly.

"Chambermaid!" exclaimed the old lady. "Chambermaid in what? Faix its fitter that ye stopped at home and helped yer mither than to be emptyin' slops for dirty actors!"

Hartley Campbell, though an exemplary man generally, sometimes goes off on convivial pastimes bent. This, it may have been noticed, is not an uncommon thing with the children of the "dear little isle" to which the long-legged dramatist owes his nativity. Not a great while ago Hartley returned home at daylight and found his better half waiting his arrival in a most unbecoming frame of mind. After pretty clearly stating her opinion of a playwright who heartlessly keeps his wife in her slippers and wrapper expecting him any moment from early in the evening until 3 A. M., she relapsed into the most depressing silence. Hartley was not quite steady on his legs, and his head felt about as large as a cask of whisky. Finding, after repeated attempts, that Mrs. C. would not under any circumstances consent to carry on a conversation with him, Hartley, wearing a very serious expression of countenance, entered the adjoining bathroom and closed the door. A few

moments later Mrs. Campbell heard a sharp report from within. Uttering a terrific scream, she flew into the high room, and throwing herself upon the breast of her husband sobbed out: "Hartley, my darling, what have I done! Have you killed yourself?"

"No, madam, I have simply pulled the cork from this soda-water bottle—see? The soda is to quiet this contending head—see?"

In telling the story Campbell says that the fright had driven all resentment from his lady's heart. She was pale and remorseful. He never knew to what extent he was appreciated before, although he plays the game of any intention to play off the old inside game, he recommends the soda-water bottle after libations as containing more than one virtue.

William Rufus Blake was a fat man—a very fat man, a man who could have played Jack Falstaff, as Stephen Kemble did, without padding; and Charles Walcott was a very thin man, a mere thread-paper, who could have played the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* without starving; and Charles Walcott, meeting William Rufus Blake, poked him in the adipose tissue with his lean forefinger and cried, "Good Gad, Blake, how stout you are!" And Blake, swelling like unto a turkey gobbler, in his wrath exclaimed, "Stout! I know I am stout, and there never was a stout man yet but what some herring-gutted son-of-a-gun had the impudence to tell him of it." As well as a fat man, Blake was a comely man and well liked by the gentle sex. Strutting up Walker street, in New York, then a place of dwelling-houses of respectability, he was hailed by a Biddy, who invited him to enter, saying, "Sure the mistress wants to see you, sorr." Visions of sudden conquest flashed across his brain; he walked up the stoop and into the parlor to the mental time of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and was confronted by a dame fair to behold. Blake smiled all over his face, like a plate of mush in ebullition, and attempted to take the lady's hand. "What do you mean, man?" Blake was astonished and gazed innocently at the Biddy, who answered for him, "Sure and ma'am ye tould me to call the fat man, and here he is; he's the fattest man I could see on the street." It was the soap-fat man the lady wanted, to sell him her kitchen stuff.

John T. Raymond, who is known in the profession as a good story-teller, and also for repeating the same story over and over again, called on one of his lady friends some time since and found a number of professionals present, among whom were several tragedians. As genial John made his appearance, they cried out, "Well, Colonel, did you bring your chestnuts with you?" "Chestnuts" being a term used among them for oft-told yarns. "Yes," replied Raymond. "I have a whole basketful in the coupé." Whereupon he commenced one of his well-repeated tales, which really was quite amusing; but the stolid tragedians sat back as solemn as judges. Raymond, with a look of ineffable disgust upon his face, turned on them and in stentorian tones cried out, "You blasted tragedians, why don't you laugh?"

"Well, Raymond, we really would like to oblige you; but we've heard that old story so often that it's an utter impossibility." A young son of Willie Winter, being present, quietly crept up to Raymond and, tugging at his coat-tail, said lispingly, "Mister Raymond, when's you goin' to bring them ches'nuts out? I like ches'nuts."

There is great food for thought in the foliage of the stage as presented in various countries. It is no less strange than true, that, in whatever part of the world the scene-painter may be for the time being, the foliage that he paints will be the foliage of the country. The forest of Arden, for instance, in which lies the scene of *As You Like It*, is represented differently in England, in America (East, West, North and South) and in Australia. In New York the woods are all maples, oaks, birch and hickory, and their leaves glow with all the lovely Autumn tints unknown elsewhere. In the South, the forest of Arden is all cypress and magnolia, in San Francisco Touchstone and Audrey do their clowning and Orlando and Rosalind their courting among groves of live-oak and red-woods, and in Australia, the sylvan comedy is overarched by stringy-bark and red or blue gum, while in merrie England the chestnuts and gnarled oak trees shade the mimic scene. Art after all is but nature in compartments.

After fulfilling her duties at the Festival, Mary Anderson will sail for England accompanied by her *chaperone*. Dr. Griffin and his wife will follow later, remaining in New York a few weeks to tie up the loose ends of the American business preparatory to a year's sojourn abroad.

The demands for advertising space in this number far exceeded the publisher's anticipations. At the last moment it was found necessary to add a supplement in order to make room for the correspondence department. I regret to say that, taken unawares, as it were, by this liberal patronage, several columns of interesting matter have been squeezed out. Had the extraordinary business pressure been foreseen in time, THE MIRROR would have been enlarged to twenty or twenty-four pages. However, there is consolation for this disappointment in the fact that professional

readers will find our advertisements contain a volume of valuable theatrical news.

By the way, it is worthy of note that the advertisements in this issue aggregate more than those of all the other dramatic papers combined have ever exhibited in one week.

Charlotte Cushman's avuncularness was thoroughly exemplified in her farewell engagement here. Commodore Tooker, who generally does the "glorification" of such performances, actually outdid himself on that occasion. When the Queen of Tragedy met him he commenced to narrate the wonderful arrangements which had been made for the night in question.

"That's all very nice, my dear boy; but what are you going to do for me?" said Miss Cushman.

"Well," continued the Commodore, "we're going to have the house hung with flags, the boxes all decorated and—"

"All very well and very nice," again put in the tragedienne; "but what are you going to do for me?"

"Well, we're to have two bands, the streets are to be crowded with people, the horses are to be taken out from your carriage, and you are to be dragged through Twenty-third street to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where you will be serenaded—"

"Stop! stop!" she said; "before you go any further, what do you intend doing for me?"

"Then you'll be called out," continued the garrulous Tooker, "and of course must make a suitable speech—"

By this time the veteran actress was furious, and rapping the table loudly with her clenched hand, she said: "Again I ask, what are you going to do for me?"

Tooker then smilingly replied: "We're going to give you a *thousand dollars*, Miss Cushman."

"Ah, good boy, good boy!" she exclaimed, patting him on the shoulder; "that's very nice, very nice. You are a thorough business man. The arrangements are capital, capital."

A Good Suggestion.

Great stress has been laid upon the fact that Charles Wyndham served on the Union side during the late war as surgeon. Doubtless this service is fully appreciated, and the prominence given is well deserved; but it reminds us that many of our professionals, who have not heretofore their exploits, went into the field with guns on their shoulders and left brave reputations behind. Lewis Morrison and Ben Maginley are instances we call to mind of actors who enlisted when the first call for troops was sent out and fought through the entire campaign. Most of the actor-soldiers belong to Army Posts in different parts of the country; but absence from headquarters prevents their participating in the annual demonstrations which are made by those bodies.

Nat Salsbury, who is one of the veterans of the civil conflict, asks us to publish a suggestion he makes to the fellow-professionals who were in the ranks, and who will be in New York in May. It is that on Decoration Day they march together in the procession which is formed to deck with flowers the graves of the men who fell during the Rebellion. He thinks that actor-soldiers owe it to themselves to take part in this beautiful ceremony, and adds that if only a dozen or twenty can be found to co-operate, there will be enough for the purpose. We heartily endorse Mr. Salsbury's plan. Actors should not forget that they are citizens, and when opportunity offers they should exercise their privileges like other classes. Such a demonstration as the comedian proposes, however modest it might be, would at least show the community that professionals are not dead to the stirring memories with which many of them are intimately associated, and which Decoration Day tenderly and touchingly recalls.

Mr. Salsbury offers to apply for and secure a place in the line of the procession, and requests that those who are interested in the matter and willing to take part will address him at the Westminster Hotel.

Maude Granger's Condition.

All sorts of rumors have been floated by the daily press as to Maude Granger's condition. One day she had fainted on the stage, the next she was at death's door, and then followed the announcement that she was better, but too ill to travel, and would at once close her season. Yesterday THE MIRROR received the following despatch, which will set at rest all these flying rumors:

ALBANY, April 25.—Kindly deny the report that Maude Granger is seriously ill. She has fainted and is filling all her dates, with the exception of one—Miss Kent's.

J. J. Ryan, Planter's Wife Co.

Letter to the Editor.

MISS EASTLAKE AND MISS LINGARD.
THE GRAND HOTEL,
BOSTON, April 5, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—The letter of your London correspondent, published in your issue of March 27, conveys an impression which, to say the least, would be unjust to the talented lady whose acting of *Nellie* in *Denver* has done so much to make *The Silver King* a success. Miss Eastlake is the leading lady of the Princess Theatre, and for me to have expressed a wish to see another artist, however eminent, take her place would not only have been unjust, but uncalled for.

I never did anything of the kind, and if I expressed a desire to see her play again in any piece in which I had a share, it was in connection with *Breaking a Butterfly*, a play written by Mr. A. A. Jones and myself, and which was never intended for the Princess Theatre. I do not remember mentioning her name to Miss Lingard; but in *Denver* had any other lady have said reference to the position now held by Miss Eastlake, and which I trust she may accept for the benefit of Mr. Barrett and of the theatre, who have produced at the Princess Theatre but no other artists.

Very truly,
H. H. H.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to Us from Everywhere.

Modjeska in New England.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
HARTFORD, April 25.—Modjeska's acting as Rosalind called forth the most favorable comments at Roberts' Opera House, 23d. She looked extremely well in her page's dress, and displayed in many ways her true artistic qualities. The supporting company was far above the average. Modjeska is the best Rosalind that we have seen. Maurice Barrymore, as Orlando, and Ida Rolfe were excellent. The audience was large, brilliant and very enthusiastic. The star was called before the curtain several times. Such an artist as Modjeska should never play to vacant seats.

The Planter's Wife.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ALBANY, April 25.—On Monday and Tuesday evenings, at the Leland, Maude Granger in *The Planter's Wife*, failed to draw even fair houses, although the play was presented in excellent style. Last performance to-night.

At Music Hall, Tuesday night, Barlow-Wilson company drew a good house.

Minstrels Laid Up.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
INDIANAPOLIS, April 25.—Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels opened at English's Opera House on Monday night to standing room only. Seven members of the troupe, including George Thatcher, were left behind in St. Louis, too ill to travel.

Barrett's Boom.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
DENVER, April 25.—The most successful engagement in tragedy ever played in Denver was that of Lawrence Barrett, last week, at the Tabor Opera House. The house was crowded every night. The net receipts of the engagement were \$10,661.

The Academy of Music reopened its doors on Monday night. Young Mrs. Winthrop was the bill. The house was packed, the receipts being about \$300.

Burning of a Theatre.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
TORONTO, April 25.—The Queen's Theatre was burned on Monday night. It was being torn down to make room for the new Bijou Opera House. It was owned by J. J. Walsh, and was built in '58. It had been closed over a year.

The Quaker City.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
PHILADELPHIA, April 25.—Mlle. Rhéa appeared Monday evening at the Chestnut Street Theatre in an English version of *L'Etranger*, which she entitles *The Adventurers*. Of M. Dumas' many plays the one in question is not the best. The role of Mrs. Clarkson is, however, well suited to the French actress. She is graceful in her bearing, earnest and expressive. The support accorded was good, and Eugénie Lindeman, who enacted the role of the Duchess, was especially clever.

Although the night was stormy the Daly company drew a large audience to the Opera House when 7-20-8 was presented. The farcical comedy, so full of rich humor and excellent satire, pleased generally, and the performance given was admirable throughout. The play is a clean construction and very amusing—one of the best, in fact, that Daly has translated and adapted.

At the Walnut The Long Strike claims attention. It was evident in almost every situation that the success of the revival of the play will not rest with the actors, but with the realism of the plot, which appeals most particularly to the "gods" and the family circle. J. W. Jennings, as Money-penny, was clever and the feature of the cast.

At the Hub.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
BOSTON, April 25.—Monday night was bad for business, being very disagreeable. A sensational melodrama, *Love and Money*, by Pettitt and Reade, was given its first American presentation at the Boston Theatre. The cast included William Redmond, Fraser Coulter, E. A. Eberle, S. E. Springer, H. E. Chase, John T. Craven, Charles Kent, E. B. Brown, D. J. Sullivan, Edith Kingdon, Grace Thorne, Rachel Noah and Maggie Johnson. There was a fair audience present, and the piece went off successfully.

Théo made her Boston debut Monday night at the Globe, before a goodly assemblage. She was very well received. *L'Archiduc* was presented.

John T. Raymond gave Hubbits a first glimpse of his *Paradise* at the Park. The piece made a hit. The house was fair.

Lester Wallack opened his second week at the Museum to a well-filled house, playing *Hugh Chalcote*.

Pounce & Co., at the Bijou, improves upon acquaintance. Tony Pastor is drawing large houses at the Howard.

A Lucky Treasurer.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
NEW ORLEANS, April 25.—Manager Bidwell's popular treasurer, Fred M. Maberret, had a benefit Sunday night, which was largely attended. Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell presented him with a gold chain and pocket. The employees of Bidwell's three theatres gave him a gold watch, and the benefit making the presentation.

Also, C. and Co. company will sing the Summer song with light opera at the Spanish

Fort. Bob Wallace, late of the Big Four Minstrels, is lying in a hospital here with a broken leg. He wishes relief from the Actors' Fund.

News from Cincinnati.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
CINCINNATI, April 25.—W. H. Daly, stage manager of the Festival, is still ill. The rehearsals of supernumeraries are consequently delayed. Julius Caesar was rehearsed last night. Things did not go quite satisfactorily; but the hard work that is being done will make everything perfect by Monday night. The other pieces are being rehearsed day and night.

The scenery is not yet completed. The artists are painting without cessation.

The stars and their companies will arrive here on Sunday and Monday.

After appearing as Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, on Wednesday, Mlle. Rhéa will play through the Ohio towns for the rest of the Festival week.

Only two thousand seats for the week remain unsold. Everything is gone for Julius Caesar, and but a few tickets are to be bought for *Othello* and *Hamlet*.

Business at the theatres here this week is very bad. The forthcoming event "paralyzes" present attractions.

At the Lakes.

BUFFALO, April 25.—At the Academy of Music, Monday night, Monte Cristo drew crowded galleries, but a little light where dollars are demanded. The cast, including James O'Neill and Harry Lee, is a strong one. Tuesday evening the house was an excellent one from top to bottom.

At Wahle's the order was reversed Monday. Here, the galleries were not over-crowded, but the chairs and parquet were well-filled with a fashionable audience to greet Miss Tharsby, who was assisted by Edmund Neupert and the veteran Carl Formes. If making the prima donna repeat every piece on the programme is an evidence of satisfaction, the audience evinced it strongly, not being satisfied till the Farewell song had received a double encore.

Baylies and Kennedy's Bright Lights opened auspiciously at the Adelphi, very full houses saluting them on Monday and Tuesday nights.

Miscellaneous.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
NEWPORT, April 25.—Collier's Light o' London began a two nights' engagement 23d to a packed house. Scenery very fine.

PROVIDENCE, April 25.—Low's Grand Opera House on Sunday night was packed to the doors, the Norfolk Jubilee Singers being the attraction. Big sale for Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels. The *Romany Rye*, at the Providence, opened to quite a large house considering the weather. The scenery and stage mechanism are doubtless the most elaborate ever seen here.

BOSTON, April 24.—Tony Pastor's company last night tested capacity of Howard Atheneum to the utmost. The new company is a great success.
H. S. SANDERSON.

SAVANNAH, April 25.—A Young Mrs. Winthrop company closed the theatrical season in Savannah last night. The engagement was for two nights, and the houses were packed.

Professional Doings.

—Charles Rockwell, of the *Romany Rye* company, who has been seriously ill, is recovering, and will rejoin the company in two weeks.

—Annie Ward Tiffany, star or leading; Charles H. Green, business manager, and Rose Annie, child-actress, are a family party who are at liberty for next season.

—The Young Mrs. Winthrop company did not play in Charlotte, N. C., last Wednesday night, as they were delayed behind a wrecked train on the Richmond and Danville Railway.

—Newport, N. Y., has a new Opera House, and the manager, Will N. Switzer, will play but one attraction a week, thus enabling first-class companies to secure liberal sharing terms.

—The Hotel Abbotsford, in Sixth avenue, corner of Thirty-eighth street, has been thoroughly renovated, and is now one of the best-appointed hotels in this city patronized by professionals.

—E. D. Davies, the ventriloquist, will leave on the *Italy* Saturday next for Dublin. He will visit London and Paris for a short time, and then return to New York the latter part of September.

—Mlle. Rhéa, while on her way to Philadelphia, stopped over Sunday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. During her stay she gave a banquet to several personal friends, members of the Théo company.

—The Hess Opera company donated all the receipts of their regular Wednesday matinee performance in New Orleans for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, and at fifty and twenty-five cent prices the gross was \$384.25.

—Kate Pattison will take a benefit next Thursday at the Fifth Avenue, appearing as Daisy Brent, in *Merivale's* play, *The Cynic*. The Langtry company and some of Wallack's people have volunteered. This testimonial will to some extent repair Miss Pattison's losses by the Park Theatre fire.

—The Harter Opera House at Eufaula, Ala., has undergone a change of management, W. H. Vigil, until recently THE MIRROR correspondent there, having taken the helm. Manager Vigil will share with first-class attractions. Eufaula is within easy reach of Montgomery, Columbus and Macon.

—George H. Adams, the famous clown, has a workshop in New Brunswick, N. J., where he devises new tricks and makes properties for Humpty Dumpty. The pantomime, and he is revised for next season, and he presented with new tricks and other new stunts. Mr. Adams has an office in the Opera House building at New Brunswick.

George Edgar's Tour.

A conversation with Manager Edwards, of the George Edgar Syndicate, affords some facts not yet placed before the public with regard to the Shakespearean season of next year. According to the plans mapped out, the affair is of much greater magnitude than was at first suspected. The company under Mr. Edgar will be capable of performing both Shakespearean tragedy and comedy, and will enter the field with a repertoire including Othello, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Lear, Taming of the Shrew and As You Like It. This will in part explain the engagement of Ada Ward and Sara Jewett. It will also explain the negotiation with Steele Mackaye to take the entire art direction of the scheme.

It is proposed to employ the best available talent in the country, and to rehearse the pieces for several months previous to opening; and it is claimed by Mr. Mackaye and Mr. Edgar that in pursuance of this plan there will be presented such a completeness of ensemble and such an excellence of detail as have never before been seen in Shakespearean work in this country. Miss Jewett and Miss Ward, it is understood, have taken hold of the work with a worthy ambition and a high sense of art, and Mr. Edgar's well-known good taste guarantees that the scheme will be kept entirely free from the devices and tricks of mere speculative enterprises.

In order to make such an experiment successful a great deal of money will have to be spent, and the Syndicate have shown their good sense in spending it so far in obtaining unquestioned talent, and in preparing for a preliminary drill that will ensure the best order of performances. Maze Edwards, who is a theatrical wiseacre, says that the enterprise is virtually a new departure, and is based upon the belief that the conservative good sense and intelligence of the country not only demand the highest order of plays, presented with the highest order of talent, but that they will support them when so presented without the aid of circus machinery. The experiment is at least worth trying and ought to command the good-will of all reasonable lovers of the drama in advance.

Festival Points.

—Counting the seating capacity and standing-room, Music Hall will hold about 4,200 people.

—The scenery and properties were all made in Horticultural Hall, which formed a large workshop.

—One of the youngest actors of "old men" before the public is Owen Ferré, who is in the cast of Much Ado.

—Frank Chanfrau is represented in the Festival by his son Harry, who participates in several of the representations.

—Director Miles, owing to Stage Manager Daly's attack of erysipelas, was obliged to rehearse the army of supernumeraries.

—The hotels will put away large profits at the close of the Festival week. Their accommodations are being taxed to the utmost.

—A large body of experienced men will be employed in moving the scenery, and smoothness and rapidity in this department is therefore ensured.

—A number of prominent actors who have closed their respective seasons have secured seats for the performances and will attend throughout the week.

—Julius Caesar, Othello and Hamlet are the pieces which most attract the interest of spectators, as they present the finest spectacular effects and the strongest casts.

—The young man who bears the name of Percy Winter is a son of the brilliant critic of the *Tribune*. From his father he inherits a love for the Shakespearean drama.

—Not the least interesting element in the Festival audiences will be the delegations of amateur actors from the best clubs of Boston, New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

—The Committee have had to refuse many applications for favors from out-of-town newspaper men. Were all accommodated there would be little room in Music Hall for the paying public.

—Homer Cope, who plays small parts in all the plays, was formerly an elocutionist. He recited the entire play of *Damon and Pythias* from memory, at his entertainments, giving each character an individuality.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plunkett have traveled with Barrett for several years. They have resolved to separate from the tragedian for a change, however, and next season will be connected with some other organization.

—W. H. Daly, stage manager of the Dramatic Festival, was so seriously ill as to preclude his supervising the rehearsals of the auxiliary forces, and C. Bowers, until recently assistant treasurer of the Grand, acted in his stead.

—William Harris, who figures in the cast of *Much Ado*, is a sterling actor in the prime of his career. He is Rhéa's leading support; but he is perhaps better known for his long connection in the same capacity with Maggie Mitchell.

—Fifty carpenters were required to put up the proscenium in Music Hall and build the flats. The entire force of painters, carpenters and helpers that worked on the scenery and properties numbered one hundred and twenty-five people.

—Marie Wainwright, the wife of Louis James, was formerly a Boston belle who held a high social position. She married a naval lieutenant, but obtained a divorce from him and wedded the leading man of Lawrence Barrett's company.

—Edmund Collier has been a member of John McCullough's company for three years. His *Appius Claudius* in *Virginia* is an admirably conceived characterization. Mr. Collier is about thirty years of age. He made his first appearance at Niblo's Garden.

—Henry Hoyt, who painted the curtain for Music Hall, is the most successful curtain painter in this country. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Niblo's, New York, the exquisite drapery of the Boston Park, and the classic picture at the Philadelphia Arch are all from his brush.

—W. H. Daly, the Festival stage-director, is one of the professionals who worked their way up from the lowest rung of the ladder. He has occupied every post behind the curtain. As a stage-manager he is second to none in the country. Mr. Daly is forty-two years old. He is a New Yorker.

The dimensions of the stage at Music Hall are: Proscenium opening, 54 feet wide; 40 feet high; depth of stage, 54 feet. The back cloths are 6x50 feet. The only stage in the country which approaches that of the Music Hall is the old Bowers (now called the Thalia) in New York.

—Kate Forsyth, although not a star yet, is shortly to become one. She has traveled for three years with McCullough, playing the leading female roles in the pieces of his repertoire. Next season she expects to go on the road in a new play as its principal feature. She is a very beautiful and gifted young lady. Her professional debut was made only a few years ago.

—The staff of artists employed to prepare the scenes for the six plays, headed by De Witt C. Waugh, includes Gaspard Maeder, Charles Murray, Thomas R. Weston, Atlas G. Reeder, Joseph Pignotti, Harley Merry, John Rettig, Edward Thompson and Theodore Strahlin. Joseph Cronin modeled the statuary and *pyrotechnic* properties.

—The statues of Minerva and Pompey, to be used in *Julius Caesar*, are very striking. They are modelled from descriptions of the originals which stood in the Roman Forum. One hundred pieces of statuary, made of *papier maché*, will be used in this single production. They will assist in giving the most faithful reproduction of Roman localities ever seen on the stage.

—The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival scenic artists, several of whom have achieved national reputations, recently considered themselves insulted by insinuations of the Festival directors affecting their sobriety, and demanded an apology and a retraction of the charge through the columns of the local journals. The directors, whose jealousy toward a fellow-citizen had obtained mastery over their direction, "did the graceful" and all is once more serene.

—J. J. Coleman's time for Frank Frayne's *Si Slocum* is filled up to June 25, at which time he closes the season and starts for Europe in search of novelties.

—The handsome new Opera House at Oshkosh, Wis., will be ready for opening Sept. 1. It has a seating capacity of 1,200, with eighteen full sets of new scenery.

—One of R. E. J. Miles' ventures next season will be the management of Robert McWade, who will discard *Rip* and appear in his new play, *Franz Herchelle*.

—Warren Hall is doing some excellent portrait work of professionals in character. These he enlarges from photographs to any size and executes in oil or water-colors.

—J. Duke Murray, the business manager for Milton Nobles and W. C. Anderson, who has been with the star for seven years, have been re-engaged for next season.

—A. C. Comstock and Frederick McCloy, formerly of Haverly's staff, have purchased a new three-act American comedy, which they will put on the road next season.

—Arthur Crehan, of Oliver Doud Byron's support, was the victim of a premature pistol-explosion in Cincinnati on the 18th, whereby his hand was seriously injured.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1883.

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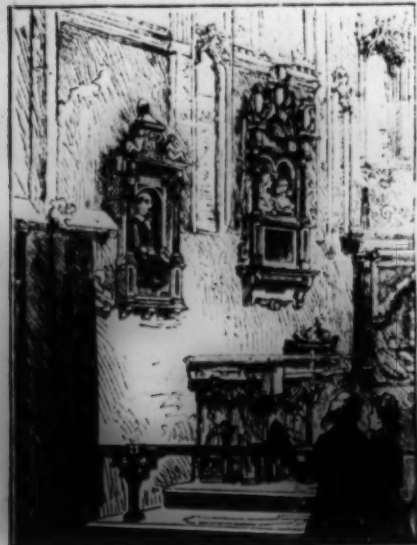
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A Visit to Stratford-on-Avon.

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presents a totally different appearance; but its associations are unchanged, and to revive them is a precious privilege. It was evening when I reached the place, and I immediately repaired to the Red Horse Tavern, a comfortable inn, made famous by the description of Washington Irving, who was housed in it on his memorable visit. It is well kept and moderate-priced.

There is a puzzling uncertainty as to the house in which Shakespeare was born. I am inclined to believe that it has crumbled to dust beneath the devastating hand of time, and that the edifice which is shown with much pride as the genuine article is a fraud. However, visitors have shown a commendable desire to maintain the delusion, and as some time ago the British people purchased, repaired and took charge of the house in question, there is no reason why one should very strenuously deny its genuineness. It is the shrine to which thousands of pilgrims, including Scott, Byron, Dickens and Thackeray, have journeyed to visit. The place is quaint, and of course old-fashioned. Although it has been necessary to renew portions of the woodwork, the antique oaken beams and plaster filling remain as sound as they were three centuries ago. Entering, I found myself in the kitchen. There was a big hearth over which, where blazed the great logs, had swung a long crane, at one end of the room. The attendant showed me a large arm-chair, said to have belonged to Shakespeare. It requires a powerful stretch of the imagination to digest this story, as it is recorded that the real chair was purchased by a Russian princess in 1790, and by her taken to St. Petersburg. Above the kitchen is the room in which it is alleged the poet was born. It is a low-ceiled, plain affair, rudely plastered walls, and intersected with rough beams. These walls are closely written with the autographs of distinguished visitors attached to rhymes and sentiments appropriate to the place. Scott and Byron's signatures are among these, the former having been scratched with a diamond ring upon a window-pane. Beside the fireplace is a wooden joist which is called the "actors' pillar," from the fact that it is covered with the names of famous Thespians. Among the Shakespearean actors in this manner represented are Gustavus Brooke, James K. Hackett and Charles and Edmund Kean. In the visitors' register I was

far the most interesting feature. Except for an old oaken table and chair and a medallion of Shakespeare, there is nothing else to attract the eye. Another room on the first floor contains a number of mementos, which are interesting if not entirely reliable. Shakespeare's desk is shown, which he is said to have used when he attended the Stratford grammar school. The youth was as mischievous as the majority of schoolboys, for the lid is backed and hewn with those strange hieroglyphics peculiar to the embryo scholar. A painting, the only authentic letter to Shakespeare in existence, two legal documents pertaining to the affairs of the family, and several other misty remembrances, complete the collection in this little museum. The display, though meagre, is a source of delight to the lovers of the immortal bard. I had almost forgotten to mention a paper bearing the signature of Sir Thomas Lucy, the magistrate on whose premises the legend says that Shakespeare was caught poaching deer. Photographs of the various points of interest are sold here by the old lady who takes care of the premises and shows visitors around.

After the cottage, the church near by the Avon River is the next point of interest. It contains the ashes of the poet. The monument, as reproduced in the engraving on this page, is ornamented with a half-length figure of Shakespeare, surmounted by his arms. Over this is a skull, supported on either side by cupids bearing a torch and skull and spade. In front of the altar are slabs marking the graves of Anne Hathaway, Thomas Nash, the husband of Shakespeare's grand-daughter, and his daughter Susanna. Near these is the stone marking Shakespeare's resting-place, on which is inscribed that most awe-inspiring epitaph—

Good friend for Jesu sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be ye man yt spares the stones,
And cursed be he yt moves my bones.

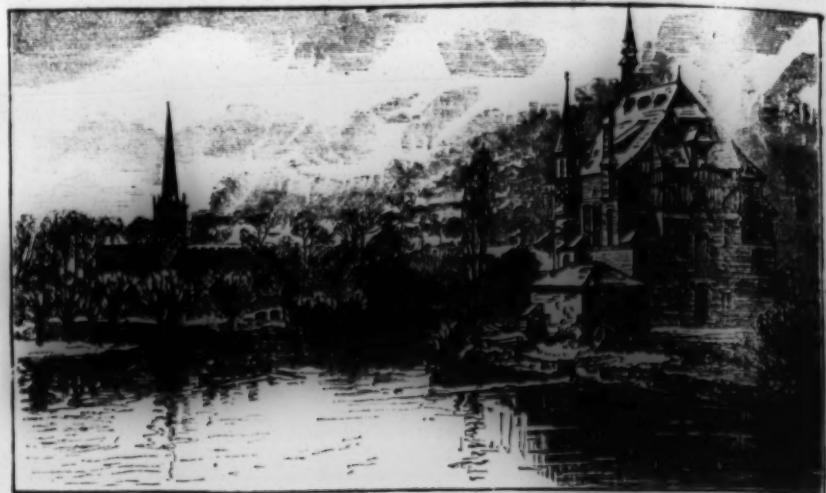
The little church is extremely peaceful and quiet. On week days it is open only on application to the sexton, who keeps the great doors

here also, gathered around him in death, lie his parents, his children, his descendants and his friends. For him and for them the struggle has long since ended. Let no man, fear to tread the dark pathway that Shakespeare has trodden before him. Let no man standing at this grave and seeing and feeling that all the vast labors of that celestial genius end here at last in a handful of dust, fret and grieve any more over the puny and evanescent toils of to-day, so soon to be buried in oblivion! In the simple performance of duty, and in the life of the affections, there may be permanence and solace. The rest is an 'unsubstantial pageant.' It breaks, it changes, it dies, it passes away, it is forgotten; and though a great name be now and then for a little while remembered, what can the remembrance of mankind signify to him who once wore it? Shakespeare, there is good reason to believe, set precisely the right value alike upon renown in his own time and the homage of posterity. Though he went forth, as the stormy impulses of his nature drove him, into the great world of London, and there laid the firm hand of conquest upon the spoils of wealth and power, he came back at last to the peaceful home of his childhood; he strove to garner up the comforts and everlasting treasures of love at his own hearthstone; he sought an enduring monument in the hearts of friends and companions; and so he won for his stately sepulchre the garland not alone of glory but of affection.

Doubtless many of the readers of these lines have seen pictures of Shakespeare made after what is known as the death-mask. These are copies of the face of the figure on the monument in Stratford church. This was originally painted in a semblance of life; but the colors have been obliterated by a coating of white. As it formerly appeared, the eyes were light brown, the hair reddish, and the doublet black and bright red. There is no means of knowing whether the artist colored the figure from a knowledge of the original or gave play to his fancy.

no uncommon thing for gentlemen of this stamp to waylay a lady coming from the play or a rout, throttle or bribe her link-bearer and chairmen and carry her off, willy-nilly, to some retreat where their dishonorable purposes could be accomplished without fear of interruption. These pastimes were not stopped until street lamps came into vogue. In maintaining this residence Shakespeare must also have had in

troupe of actors. Among the plays given were The Merchant of Venice, Macbeth and Henry IV. Lear was acted on Shakespeare's birthday. In addition to these pieces, The Lady of Lyons, The Honeymoon and Riche-lieu were performed. While the plan of producing Shakespeare's works periodically in his native town is not necessary to their perpetuation, nevertheless it is a fitting tribute to the



MEMORIAL CHURCH AND THEATRE AS SEEN FROM THE AVON.

mind the welfare of his children. Here they were given healthful training, with the additional privilege of rural recreation. It is recorded that the dramatist visited this home once a year. The calmness of it truly was grateful when he was worn and wearied with his literary and professional labors.

The cottage is kept in excellent order, and is inhabited by the last remaining descendant of the Hathaways—a Mrs. Taylor. She shows

memory of the immortal dramatist. The interior of the theatre is handsome and the stage capacious. Every accessory to the proper enactment of the plays is at hand. The audiences are for the most part composed of fashionable as well as intellectual people, who are drawn to Stratford not only by the plays, but by the simple, rustic beauties of the adjacent country.

The inhabitants of the town appear to be thrifty, honest folk. There are many small shops on the chief street, all presenting a neat and prosperous appearance. Of course, stereoscopic views of the Shakespearean relics, mementos, dwelling and the church, together with countless bits of wood, stone and other souvenirs, are the principal articles exposed for sale. Any of these things, however, may be bought in London, and at one-half the price. Fifty per cent. is not thought a dear increase by the descendants of Shakespeare's townsmen for the additional value the wares obtain from being bought so close to his home. They must place a true estimate on the credulity of the average tourist, for at all seasons of the year they drive this profitable trade briskly.

As night was coming on, an hungry nature impatiently asserting itself, I resolved to return to the creature comforts of my good inn. But first I could not resist the temptation of taking one more look at the river and its picturesque banks. I reached the bridge, and stopped midway. Looking over the singing stream toward the church, which was growing dim in the gathering dusk, the words of Irving, who stood and contemplated the same scene years ago, recurred to me: "I could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and es-cutechons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! * * * How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that in after years he should return to it covered with renown; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb."

With these words ringing in my ears, I sought the tavern, where thoughts of Irving and his visit to this place were intensified by a look at the poker yet called "Geoffrey Cravon's

tre," and an arm-chair which he dubbed his throne. A royal repast, wet by the best ale that ever flowed into my stomach, put me in a reflective and happy humor. I could not drive Irving from my head. Here was the actual embodiment of his delicious word-picture: "To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the 'uncertainties of life'; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day, and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of such a banding even morsels and moments of enjoyment."



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

locked, but opens them quickly when his itching palm is well-lined with British silver. The words of William Winter, the brilliant critic, sweet poet and faithful student of Shakespeare, adequately describe the thoughts that naturally overwhelm the visitor as he stands in this sanctuary. "All the cares and struggles and trials of mortal life," he writes; "all its failures, and equally all its achievements, seem

Pausing on the bank of the river, after departing from the church, one cannot fail to be impressed with the quiet, pastoral beauty of the scene. The stream flows smoothly by, while the trees keep up a soft rustling accompaniment to its pleasant murmur. It is easy to believe that, amid surroundings such as these, Shakespeare, as a boy, conceived many of the poetic ideas that ripened and multiplied as he grew to man's estate. He studied in the beautiful Book of Nature, and graven upon his wondrous soul the beautiful lessons that it taught.

Shakespeare's life—little as we know of it—has no sweeter episode in it than his courtship of lovely Anne Hathaway. To the cottage where she dwelt with her father, Richard Hathaway, is a short walk from the town. This picturesque abode is still standing. It is a quaint, rambling little place, all covered with vines, and its thatched-roof sheltered by the long protecting arms of great trees. The bench on which Will and Anne sat and did their wooing is exhibited, as is also a queer old-fashioned bedstead, large enough to contain an entire family, with strangely-carved posts reaching high into the air and supporting a canopy.

No doubt it was here that the youth and his sweetheart appeared before the girl's parent with trembling lips to urge his consent to their being wedded. Probably the father put on a show of sternness, and told young Will that if he really meant to make Anne his lawful wife, he must cross the downs to Stratford Church, and there, in the presence of a witness, sign a preliminary bond to that effect. Such a document, at any rate, bearing the seal "R. H.," is still preserved.

People believe that this cottage was the home of Shakespeare long after the wedding. When he established himself in London as an actor and part manager of the Blackfriars Theatre, he doubtless left his wife here, where she would not only be free from the noxious vapors and wretched sanitary arrangements which made the great city a plague-spot at certain seasons of the year, but escape, as well, the other dangers that beset a young and handsome woman at that period. Those were the days of gay gallants, who paraded the streets at night after an evening of gaming and drinking in search of such sports as pleased them most. It was

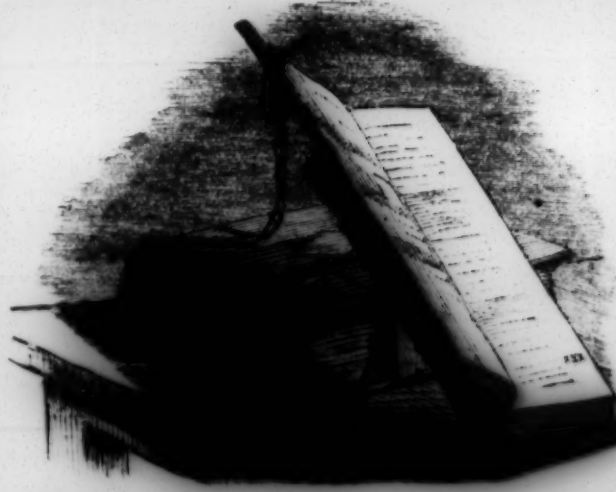
the visitor through the place with pardonable pride, and narrates the few real and imaginary circumstances which give it interest with as much pleasure as though she were not telling an oft-told tale.

Returning by the pleasant path to Stratford, several art-works were seen in the Town Hall on High street. There is a life-like statue of Shakespeare among these, and besides portraits of him there are others of Garrick and the Duke of Dorset.

home, could he have foreseen that in after years he should return to it covered with renown; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb."

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REGISTER CONTAINING ENTRY OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH.

The Memorial Theatre repays inspection. It is of handsome architecture, and was built recently for the annual performance of Shakespeare's plays. Representations are always given here the 23d of April—the anniversary of the poet's birth. Parties of excursionists go from London and the adjoining towns, and put up at the several village inns while the performances are in progress. Different companies are engaged each year. This year these representations began on Monday, the 16th inst., and concluded on the 28th. Elliot Galer is the manager, and he engaged William Creswick for the leading roles, assisted by a chosen

fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the 'uncertainties of life'; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day, and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of such a banding even morsels and moments of enjoyment."



RED IN THE HATHAWAY COTTAGE

shown the following verse penned by Hackett, the greatest representative of Falstaff:

Shakespeare, thy name revered is no less
By us who often reason, sometimes guess
Though England claims the glory of thy birth
None more appreciate thy poet's worth
None more admire thy scenes well acted out
Than we of states unborn in ancient lore
In this room the writing on the walls is by

themselves to pass utterly out of remembrance. It is not now an idle reflection that 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave.' No power of human thought ever rose higher or went further than the thought of Shakespeare. No human being, using the best weapons of intellect as achievement, ever accomplished so much. Yet here he lies—who was once so great! And

The most amusing musical comedy ever produced in New York.---N. Y. WORLD.

Worth a man's while to see a Bunch of Keys.---Evening Telegram.

The most laughable of entertainments.---Dramatic Times.

A BUNCH OF KEYS; OR, THE HOTEL.

By Charles Hoyt.

Bunch of Keys has unlocked both the hearts and pockets of the people.---N. Y. HERALD.

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A great success.---

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Sunset Cox's Query, "WHY WE LAUGH," Answered, Because we saw Bunch of Keys.

---WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

A bonanza to its owners.---

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CHAS. B. PEET (of Rogers, Peet & Co.), President.

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Will visit the leading cities of the United States during the coming season, opening at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Sept. 17.

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Managers who have written for dates are respectfully notified that my time is filled up to June 25, at which time I close my season and start for Europe in search of new novelties.

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MR. GEORGE EDGAR will inaugurate a season of classic Shakespearean and Dramatic representations during the coming season of 1883-84, commencing September, in one of the principal cities, and thence through the United States and Canada.

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